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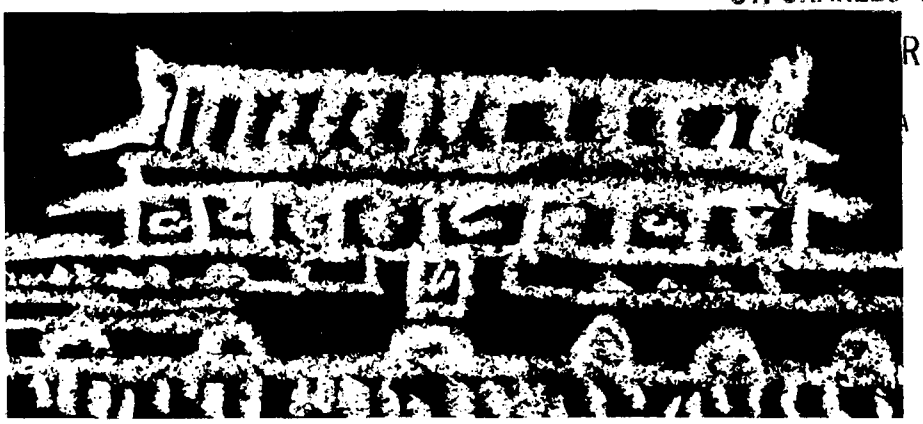

MAO'S GOSPEL

George Woodcock

BRITAIN WANTS IN

Stuart A. Scheingold

THE CHARLES DAVIS CASE

Justus George Lawler

Robert McAfee Brown

MEREDITH'S ONE-NIGHT STAND

Francis E. Kearns

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NEWS AND VIEWS

What, nothing about eating crow or renewal hash?

Catholic Market magazine for November-December carried an article entitled "Vatican II and Menu Planning." In it, Brother Herman E. Zaccarelli, CSC, explained how the Spirit of Vatican II should express itself in imaginative and festive meals (Sample menus: Italian spaghetti and meat balls, Irish lamb stew and chili con carne). "This reference on menu planning," Brother Zaccarelli wrote, "is intended to serve and assist the food directors to prepare more attractive meals and by doing so advance and promote unity and love among the members of the Mystical Body of Christ in a special way. . ."

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In an editorial last week, *Commonweal* discussed the efforts of the Fellowship of Reconciliation to send medical relief for civilian war victims in North Vietnam as well as South Vietnam. A group representing the Fellowship met recently with U.S. government officials to ask for a license to send medical aid to the North. Albert Hassler, Exec. Sec. of FOR, reports on the session:

"It was not a very productive meeting. Mrs. Margaret Schwartz, director of foreign assets control (the dept. which grants licenses for this kind of aid to enemy areas) was courteous and pleasant, but gave the impression of drawing on great resources of patience in order to remain so. A Mr. Summerfield, also of the Treasury Dept., was actively impatient and hostile, did most of the arguing, and manifested his scorn by snorting and laughing when one of us would say something. A Mr. Feldman, a quite young man, represented the State Dept. His contribution was principally to assure me that I didn't know what I was talking about when I would make any kind of report regarding the South Vietnamese situation as I observed it in Saigon a month earlier. They acknowledged at the very beginning that in denying the license they were following a policy made at 'a much higher level' and that whatever their personal thoughts were, they could not alter the policy.

"(Father) Dan Berrigan and (Rabbi) Everett Gendler both labored hard to get across the position that religious people have an obligation to obey a law not necessarily the same as man's. None of this was to any avail, predictably. We assured them we would continue in our efforts, in the Courts if possible, certainly within the community. They assured us they were delighted to have us do anything we could about getting medical aid to agencies in South Vietnam recognized by Saigon authorities."

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Archbishop Cardinale, apostolic delegate to Britain, has a reputation as one of the most enlightened Vatican diplomats. Nevertheless, one of his final comments on the McCabe affair shows clearly enough the limitations of Roman progressives: "I believe firmly in the right to free speech but not in the right to make unsubstantiated allegations." Or, in its unrefurbished pre-conciliar form, "error has no rights."

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How we know the Church isn't corrupt:

"There is only one scanty consolation to be gained from the sorry story of Father Herbert McCabe following his article in *New Blackfriars* alleging that the Catholic Church was 'quite plainly corrupt.' A church that was corrupt would not have treated him in such an incredibly ham-handed manner under the full glare of press publicity"—from an editorial in *The Catholic Herald*, London.

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"The secularization of the West has paradoxically had a beneficial effect in the opposite direction. It has increased the influence of the West and is thus, though this is not yet recognized, opening the way for Christianity. The Christian West was unable to break into the enclosed cultures of the East; the secular West is doing so. The present reaction against Western colonialism and political power may here be misleading. Western ideas are spreading throughout the world with increasing rapidity. People may think they can accept Western science and technology and reject the rest. They are mistaken. They do not know what they are handling. They are playing with forces that will break up their cultures in their present form. This need not be seen just negatively as a lamentable destruction. It could well mark an advance into an open, pluralist social order, where ultimate beliefs are freely considered without a cultural exclusiveness. In which case, conditions will have been created suitable for the presentation of the Christian message. That Asia and Africa should make a distinctive cultural contribution is desirable, indeed essential, and is perfectly compatible with an acceptance of Christianity. But they need to learn the distinction between sacred and secular, between religion and culture. It looks as if the secular West is destined to teach them that lesson."

From *God's Grace in History*, by Charles Davis (Sheed & Ward, $3.50)

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Advice to American youth, from Gen. David M. Shoup, retired Commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps: *"I want to tell you, I don't think the whole of Southeast Asia, as related to the present and future safety and freedom of the people of this country, is worth the life or limb of a single American. . .*

I believe that if we had and would keep our dirty, bloody dollar-crooked fingers out of the business of these nations so full of depressed, exploited people, they will arrive at a solution of their own. That they design and want. That they fight and work for. . . . Don't let yourself get too shook up by the over-advertised encroachment of Communism. Help people to get things and Communism will strangle by its own umbilical cord."

JOHN LEO

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CORRESPONDENCE

Electing Bishops

Elma, N.Y.

To the Editors: The Ellis study on the method of selecting bishops (March 10) is long overdue. *Commonweal* has performed a service.

I would like to add two observations which were not developed in Father Ellis' article, probably because documentation would be undesirable.

1. The debilitating influence of selective in-breeding should also be added to the Ellis criticism.

Since most of the *"episcopabile"* are drawn from chanceries and diocesan bureaus, a perpetuation of type and a concomitant progressive weakening of the strain are observable. I mean this: the bishops chosen as Ellis describes the process, tend to surround themselves with assenters whose claims to fame rest on their prudence in avoiding wave-making. When they in turn are elevated, they choose other assenters for the charmed circle. Thus the satellite system tends to become a descending spiral nebula wherein the accent on weakness rather than strength becomes all-pervasive. Any in-breeding system, whether it be social, ecclesial, or biological, is bound to result in astounding mediocrity or outright disaster.

2. Another factor is apparent in the present system of selecting bishops. It has given rise to the predominance of the "bishop-on-the-prowl" type. Today, a bishop, instead of marrying his diocese in a mood of fidelity, immediately takes on the characteristics of a "young-man-on-the-make" who is more interested in further, more affluent unions than in the charms of his bride at hand.

Today's mobility of bishops, with its only too obvious promotional characteristics and its orientation to bigger and better fields and titles, is productive of many evils—not the least of which is the temptation to exploit an intermediate diocese as a means rather than as an end in order to prove an aspirant bishop's qualities as an administrative genius

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WAR TO THE DEATH

The war in Vietnam is on the verge of becoming America's National Purpose. "We will probably stay in Vietnam for a generation," states an official of the Military Advisory Command. Despite all the crowing about military victories or "pacification" successes, no military or civilian advisor on Vietnam is saying that the U.S. can root out the Vietcong in anything less than five years. That is the very lowest guess. Usually, the phrase goes: "maybe five years, maybe ten, maybe even longer." Marine Corps Lt. Gen. Lewis Walt is more specific: "It will take perhaps fifteen years."

Fifteen years of what? Of wiping out every last bit of the industrial facilities which North Vietnam has painfully developed in its effort to modernize. Of occupying the South, in full colonial style, with an army of half a million men. Of spending billions of dollars, badly needed at home and elsewhere. (Even if war costs dropped from the present $22 billion per year level after a few years, they would still be running from $5 to $10 billion per year for an indefinite length of time.) Of infusing both domestic and international politics with frustration, bitterness, and hatred.

None of the recent actions regarding Vietnam give any hope that these results will be avoided. The appointment of negotiator Ellsworth Bunker as new Saigon ambassador was coupled with the appointment of a professional optimist, Robert Komer, to head the pacification mission. The Guam conference gave the U.S. military another boost in their plan to take over pacification from the Vietnamese, to become, in effect, an occupying army. It was also a launching pad for Marshal Ky's campaign to become South Vietnam's President under the new "civilian" constitution. The chances of a negotiated Vietcong-Saigon settlement as long as Ky is at the helm are succinctly summed up in a statement the Marshal made at Manila: "The Communist leaders consider me a traitor, and if they catch me, they will first torture me and then kill me. I consider them traitors and, naturally, if I catch them, I will do the same."

The strange release of the letters exchanged between President Johnson

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and Ho Chi Minh had much the same significance. Both the North Vietnamese leader's language and the peculiar manner of the disclosure indicate that Hanoi has no genuine desire to pursue negotiations at this time. As for President Johnson's letter, it reveals, as Robert Kennedy charged, that American terms for negotiations have indeed hardened. More important, it shows that Washington is little interested in negotiations themselves but very interested in the kind of military opportunity which protracted negotiations might provide. By trading a bombing halt and an end to troop reinforcements for a Hanoi cessation of infiltration, the U.S., with a current lead over the enemy in both men and supplies, could cut its costs while embarking on a methodical effort to "break the back" of the Vietcong and "root out" the guerrillas.

The war in Vietnam has become a war to the death, and not, as was maintained some years ago, a struggle to reach "a position of strength" from which the U.S. could negotiate with Hanoi. Once, the bombing raids were presented as an effort to bring the North Vietnamese to the negotiating table. Now, the President presents them as cold-blooded reprisals. All this stems from the raising of American interests in South Vietnam into an absolute which must be defended, no matter what the costs, at home, to the Vietnamese, or to the cause of peace and development around the world. This absolute is adorned with rationalizations, like Mr. Rostow's shockingly frivolous theory of a campaign against "romantic revolutionaries" or flimsy notions that the future of "wars of liberation" depends on the outcome in Vietnam. One American general has been more candid: "Once we have put our prestige on the line, we have no choice but to stick it out." This, at least, is honest. It is also a disgusting substitute for rational policy.

A DANGEROUS LAW?

As an exercise in drastic solutions, the program begun by New York State on April 1 to effect compulsory treatment of narcotic addicts must take some kind of a prize. For one thing, it is meant to be a full-scale assault on heroin addiction. It is designed to handle large numbers of addicts (up to 8,000 the first year, 11,000 next year), to handle them thoroughly, and to treat them for a long period of time. For another, the program is meant to fill the wide gap between past voluntary state programs and those voluntary programs run by private organizations. That is a very wide gap, indeed; together with the voluntary programs the compulsory treatment will, ideally, leave comparatively few addicts untouched.

The teeth of the new law lie in three major provisions: 1) after April 1 any addict convicted of a misdemeanor involving narcotics can be committed for up to three years of treatment (and five years for a felony conviction); 2) even if an addict is acquitted of criminal charges, he remains liable to a civil hearing which can commit him for up to three years; 3) after October 1, an addict convicted of any offense may be committed for up to five years of treatment.

One can see at a glance why there have been major objections from civil liberties' groups. First, the new law will, in effect, place addiction as such in the category of criminal offenses; that is, as offenses which make people liable to incarceration. Secondly, the fact that an acquittal of a narcotics crime may do an addict no good in freeing him from the penalty of compulsory treatment could open the way for many false arrests and trumped-up charges. Clearly, for those zealous to find and treat addicts there will be many attractions in finding ways of bringing narcotic addicts to trial, even if no conviction is likely. The main thing will be to get hold of addicts; that, in fact, is the main intent of the law. As some supporters of the law have admitted, its aim is not just to effect cures; it also aims to get addicts off the streets, whether they are cured or not in the long run.

In the near future the New York Civil Liberties Union plans to challenge the constitutionality of the new law. Under present law, addiction itself is not a crime; only possession of narcotics or implements of addiction is now punishable by law. But obviously the new law all but erases past distinctions in this respect, even if in principle addiction remains free of required punishment. The claim by some that compulsory treatment and commitment to a hospital is not the same as a jail sentence (since those committed can, for instance, continue to vote) seems little less than fraudulent.

Naturally, the problem of narcotics addiction raises many questions other than those of civil liberties. It is perfectly true that addiction is a major source of crime, just as it is perfectly true that addiction is destructive of both body and mind in most cases. It is thus possible to understand why New York State should be driven to such a desperate kind of solution. One can also admit that the past voluntary programs barely scratched the surface and gave no special promise of improving a weak record, while continuing to have serious doubts about the methods imbowled in the new laws.

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The Name of the Game: Mother, May I?

That confounding world of church politics, protocol, and prestidigitation is really not so unfathomable as it appears. The key to understanding was handed me at bedtime last night by my eight-year-old daughter. It all began as I was engaging in my nightly round of self-control and charm, called bedtime, and it ended, as usual, with my getting advice and consolation on whatever world crisis

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happens to be worrying me at the moment. Last night it was the problem our bishops seem to be having with Rome.

Since last November, bishops all over the country have been meeting the mailman at the door, looking for a letter from Rome in answer to their request for additional liturgical reforms. A few of them had begun to mutter something about using registered mail in the future, when, in mid-March, the news came. "Yes" was the reply in two important and five lesser matters; two other requests of greater historic and pastoral significance were greeted, in effect, with "no comment" and "Well, that project is postponed for the present." All this I recounted in considerable detail to my wide-eyed Eileen, who can lose herself in any story that will keep her from facing the prospect of sleep.

And then from the mouth of my own child came the wisdom that would allow me the peaceful slumber I longed for and she evaded. "Daddy," she exclaimed, "it sounds like the man in Rome is playing 'Mother, May I?' "

"Use your mouthwash and get to bed," I ordered.

"Please, Daddy," she persisted, "don't you see what I mean? I mean the bishops were told to go ahead and fix up the Mass and when they did maybe they didn't say 'Mother, may I?' "

Beginning to see, I cried, "I'm beginning to see! Then Rome said, 'No, but you may take two giant steps and five baby steps' !"

"That's right! And in the next round, he'll probably let the bishops move ahead a little more just to keep them up with the other kids."

The optional weekday lectionary is a giant step easily sought and easily granted, for it is a step already taken by a score of countries. Clearly implementing the expressed will of Vatican II, this move offers the church-going Catholic a wider selection of the scriptures for his instruction and celebration. It is a provisional, experimental program that will influence the shaping and content of a more complete revision of the cycle of liturgical readings.

Permission to employ any of five translations of the Bible is of almost equal importance. Variety of text will mean variety of nuance, and a welcome freshness and clarity. The use of the Revised Standard Edition is of special ecumenical significance that will not be missed. We can hope that the New English Bible, the Anchor Bible, and others will be added to the list.

But what are we to think of the lack of response to the bishops' petition for the canon of the Mass to be recited in the vernacular? For a change, my own initial reaction is not wrapped in a swaddling shroud of suspicion. The "no-announcement" announcement seems to me and Eileen not to be the same as a "no" announcement. Our guess is that Rome's final action is awaiting the second part of translation requests: the translation to be used. If you ran a curial congregation or a postconciliar commission, you, too, might pause before approving English in the canon if it weren't clear what English canon you were approving. Why, those American priests might pick up the missal they used in the seminary and, God forbid, use that translation tomorrow morning.

It is well known, I hope, that the International Committee on English in the Liturgy is working on a new translation for submission to the conferences of bishops in the ten member-countries. When this version is ready and if it is approved by the American hierarchy, it can be expected to receive prompt confirmation in Rome. I woke Eileen to ask if she thought it would be safe for me to predict that this really giant step will be taken before the end of the year. She did, and I do.

The "postponement" of the experimental *Ordo Missae* could turn out to be another matter, but it appears that delay might have valid, technical reasons behind it. Let's hope this is the case rather than the disquieting alternate possibility, another instance of retrenchment. The bishops accurately estimated the temper of the times when they acted to undertake the experimental Mass rite. This modest gesture was sincerely appreciated by those clamoring for experimentation and progress; to have it rebuffed would be one more sign that the reform is not being taken seriously in high places.

In the light of "Mother, May I?", the handling of the March 5, 1967, instruction on music also begins to clear up. A year ago, rumor had it that such an instruction was about to be issued. But mother didn't allow the players to move ahead that quickly, and so some of them tried to sneak ahead a few paces. Mother caught them and the penalty was the step backwards signaled in the recent statements about Mass in the home, jazz music, and so on. A lot of people started feeling that perhaps mother was being unreasonable. In a burst of good sense, she yielded and let everyone move ahead under the banner of a very positive musical policy.

Tonight Eileen has promised to teach me a new children's game. I can't wait to see what I'll learn about the Church.

JOHN B. MANNION

(John B. Mannion is Executive Secretary of The Liturgical Conference.)

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THE UNBEATABLE POWELL

MEREDITH'S ONE-NIGHT STAND

Instinctively, one may have been tempted to respond to the brief Meredith-Powell confrontation over the 18th District House seat as a put-up-or-shut-up affair. Intelligent Harlem Negroes would either rally to the support of a genuine civil rights crusader or else continue wish-fulfilling fantasies of participation in the role of Sportin' Life. Either they would get down to the difficult task of electing a responsible representative or they luxuriate in the self-indulgent pleasure of licking old wounds and waving old banners. Or so it seemed.

It was clear that as a national political figure Meredith would have lent greater dignity to the civil rights struggle. Moreover, as a "loner" informed by a complex code of personal courage and a religious sense of mission, he would doubtless have been less inclined to adopt that casual attitude which allowed Powell to absent himself from the capital on the occasion of important rights votes. Had he replaced Powell in Congress, Meredith would also have robbed Southern political figures of one of their important exhibits in arguing for Negro political instability as a reason for resisting such reforms as home rule for the predominantly Negro District of Columbia. Furthermore, as a young man occupying what has traditionally been a safe Congressional seat, Meredith would soon have been able to gain the seniority and influence from which the 58-year-old Powell presumably would be barred, as a result of the Celler committee recommendations, even were he to be reseated. And the House, anxious to get out from under charges of racism leveled against it as the result of Powell's unseating, would undoubtedly have displayed great cooperation in working with any Negro substitute sent by Harlem who might show even minimal respect for House tradition and precedent.

Given what appears, at least to the outsider, to have been the clear-cut choice between responsible and irresponsible representation made possible by Meredith's entry, how is one to explain the cries of outrage with which Negro spokesmen greeted his decision to run against Powell?

Probably the most obvious explanation is that Harlem is not convinced by Congressional disclaimers of racial bias in the decision to bar Powell. Most Congressmen may, indeed, have responded only to the demands of their electorate and have acted without personal bias in their votes to bar Powell, but, given the failure of the white electorate to become aroused through decades of Drew Pearson exposure of similar misconduct by Powell's white colleagues in the House, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that white letter-writers demanding Powell's ouster were motivated, either consciously or unconsciously, by their resentment of the Harlem Congressman's "uppity nigger" behavior. Besides, the recent defeat of New York's Police Civilian Review Board and the debate which preceded its defeat have once more acquainted Harlemites with the ease with which white voters can disguise from themselves their own racist motivations. For all the political prudence that might have been involved in a vote for Meredith, so long as the conviction remained that Powell was a victim of racism, then a vote for Meredith would have represented the acceptance of a further humiliation at the hands of "whitey" and a willingness to play the game his way.

Perhaps a more important reason for the severity with which Harlem leaders reacted against Meredith is the fact that the Mississippi crusader's willingness to run in Harlem represented a direct challenge to the theories of Black Power. Significantly, the first Negro leaders of national repute who made the pilgrimage to Bimini to endorse Powell were Floyd McKissick and Stokeley Carmichael, both leading proponents of Black Power. In the Powell case the advocates of Black Power see an important opportunity for encouraging the type of Negro resentment which may be welded into a nationwide voting bloc capable of operating outside established political structures and able to bring its own leverage to bear on either traditional party. The decision to encourage the view of Powell as martyr and turn his name into a rallying cry for Black Power is not without risk, however, since it is not yet clear who is going to get the most advantage out of using whom. In their first press appearance, old pro Powell clearly upstaged the relative political amateurs McKissick and Carmichael. Moreover, the new alliance between Powell and Black Power advocates has placed more moderate Negro rights leaders in a delicate position, as witness the many qualifications and explanations Roy Wilkins has had to append to his recent suggestion that the Powell case is not a vital civil rights concern. Though hardly sympathetic toward Powell, the moderate leaders can criticize Black Power's new alliance with the unseated Congressman only at the risk of losing much popular support.

Meredith, on the other hand, while acknowledging the racist cast to Congressional action against Powell, argued that the people of Harlem "deserve more than they're getting" in Powell and that they "must have a chance to make a choice . . . to think about the issues and not go just on emotions." In other words, knowingly or not, Meredith contradicted the basic thrust of Black Power by accepting the notion that Negroes can work toward reform and social improvement in the context of established political forms and traditions. If he was a direct threat to Black Power advocates, he was also an embarrassment to more mod-

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erate leaders in that he threatened to bring about that rupture in the rights movement which they had averted through a series of delicate maneuvers aimed at avoiding a direct confrontation with Black Power. Meredith, in this respect, was like the political novice who enters a committee meeting to insist on basic principle after the committee has been engaged for days in complex negotiation and soul-wearying compromise; and the bitter invective with which some Harlem leaders spoke of Meredith was perhaps an indication of their discomfort in their own exposed and extended positions.

Another significant, though less tangible, reason for resentment against Meredith by some Harlem leaders was the sense that he had misjudged a mood, miscalculated the tempo of a movement. In an insightful sermon Powell once characterized Harlem as "a crime-racked, welfare-aid-saturated concentration camp of slum housing, dope peddling, and gambling." It is this concentration-camp corner of the urban Negro's mentality that Meredith misread. Among the classic symptoms forming the concentration-camp syndrome are a listless indifference and a penchant for internecine strife over inconsequential matters. A tremendous amount of effort is required to channel the concentration camp inmate's emotions away from indifference and despair and into that organized resentment which will make possible effective political action. And once resentment becomes organized it is no simple matter to shift gears from militancy to the considered and rational choice for which Meredith called. Not having yet formed a power base from which to compromise, Black Power might collapse completely were it to interrupt its forward momentum at this point for the sake of Meredith's measured choice.

There is, moreover, a delicate equipoise between bitterness and conciliation in all reform movements, bitterness serving as the organizing and moving force and conciliation as the instrument through which reform or partial reform is finally institutionalized. The difficult question is where should one impinge upon the other. Almost inevitably one generation's zealot becomes the next's handkerchief head. Then, too, bitterness has a complicated ethic of its own and can be the source of heroic endurance or of self-destruction. In the end, the man who would assume the role of arbiter between conciliation and bitterness for Harlem must be capable of reading Harlem's soul, and there is, inevitably, an air of presumption about the willingness of an outsider, such as Meredith, to assume this task.

Meredith, ironically, speaks for all that is best in the pre-Mendel-Rivers, pre-Otto-Passman South. His call is for every man to be his own man, for every man to make his own rational choice. Implicitly, then, his appeal is to a George Mason-Thomas Jefferson, Southern sense of rational consensus, the commonweal, and a "decent respect to the opinions of mankind." Yet the response of Harlem's civil rights organization men was to question Meredith's personal motives and deride his political impracticality. Living in New York, the home of the fix, the deal, the brother-in-law with connections, they were unable to respond to Meredith's individualism.

Yet, tragically enough, there was also a strong element of practicality in Harlem's resistance to Meredith. Standing tall and marching under the shadow of shotguns from Memphis to Jackson is clearly an act of consummate personal courage, but one may legitimately question how appropriate such courage will be in solving those Harlem problems which are perhaps even more complex than the race problem—the problems of the faceless and powerless urban poor subsisting under the heavy hand of institutionalized welfare. How helpful would courage and individualism prove in alleviating problems of the Negro in a city where over-all ethnic relations can only be described as psychotic—where Poles complain about the infrequency of Polish appointments in the Lindsay administration during the height of the I.S. 201 crisis over Negro control of schools in Negro ghettoes, where Italian groups see prejudice in attempts to root out graft and corruption in the Sanitation Department, where Irish cries of outrage greet budgetary proposals to limit the St. Patrick's Day parade, where Jewish liberal and Catholic conservative annually renew their ritual hostility over aid-to-parochial-schools proposals? How, finally, would Southern individualism and courage deal with a Northern view of race relations which is so sick as to congratulate itself on its own liberality?

FRANCIS E. KEARNS

(Mr. Kearns teaches American Literature at Hunter College, New York.)

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VIETNAM AND THE DRAFT

AUSTRALIA'S DEEP DIVISIONS

In Australia the conservative party is called the Liberal Party. It is the party of capitalism, the status quo, of financial interests and, above all, of imperial connections. In November, led by Prime Minister Henry Holt, it won a decisive victory over the Australian Labor Party, which is traditionally the advocate of nationalism, isolation and "the workers," and which still retains the flavor of the 1930's.

Mr. Holt's commitment to fight with the United States in Vietnam was a major issue, but the bitterest point of contention was conscription for the war. Almost without question, Australia has become accustomed to fighting in England's wars, from the Crimea through the two World

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Wars. But no troops fighting abroad have ever included conscripts. The compromise between imperial connections and native isolation (enforced by Labor's jaundiced view of conscripts as domestic strikebreakers in Europe) has made the distinction rigid. Conscripts may be used for "home defense," but "overseas service" was for volunteers alone.

In 1916 an attempt was made to use conscripts in Europe. Italians, Greeks, and indeed Irish and Germans in Australia protested bitterly, and the proposal was narrowly defeated in a national referendum. A similar poll a year later produced a larger anti-conscription majority, and by the end of the war, Labor was defiantly committed to voluntarism for any overseas duty, while the conservative, imperial parties were wary of raising the subject at all.

In 1942, the issue blurred slightly, when "overseas," at least in the sense of New Guinea, Malaya or the Philippines, came to mean "home defense." A line was drawn beyond which conscripts could not be sent. A side issue, the argument that Australia could justify spending its citizens' lives in England's wars because England would therefore come to Australia's aid in a future crisis, was to re-appear in the 1960's with America as the current debtor and future savior.

In 1942, when Australia faced a direct threat of Japanese invasion, thousands of Australians were overseas fighting Germany and Italy. John Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, leading a Labor government, asked Churchill to return these troops for the defense of Australia. Churchill bitterly disagreed, arguing that Australia could be sacrificed, that in due course Germany having been defeated, England would liberate Australia. This was a thin promise in 1942, when the defeat of Germany seemed remote. Curtin insisted, and in spite of English talk about an Australian "desertion" the Australian troops were returned to their own country. Notwithstanding, huge numbers, especially in the Navy and Air Force, remained overseas, fighting the Germans and Italians. Hardly an English serviceman was seen in Australia during the dark days of 1942-3.

This had a profound effect upon the old imperial alliance. Many Australians, and of course, all the anti-overseas-service factions, felt that their contributions to England's wars in the past had been wasted. And in this historic change of allegiance, John Curtin laid the seeds of the American alliance. "Without any pangs," he said, he turned from the traditional allegiance to a new one.

From 1942 to 1945, this was obviously a sensible and strategically proper course to adopt.

Necessarily aligned with the U.S.A. during the war, and to a lesser extent during the peace settlements, Australians seemed to be afraid that they might be left on their own; and out of the ANZUS treaty came the state of mind which simply exchanged Mother Countries. Determined to resist independence to the last, Australians happily nestled under the motherly wing of U.S.A.

This did not produce any dramatic changes in private lives until the Vietnam war. For some time Australia's contribution, both civil and military, was voluntary and generally applauded. Then in March of 1966, the now-Liberal government of Australia introduced conscription for Vietnam. Immediately, and with some sense of fury, a large section of the Australian people saw and believed that they had been tricked into the acceptance of something which ran against one of the very few deeply entrenched national traditions of the nation.

It was the issue of conscription more than anything else which turned Australian critical thought on to the war in Vietnam itself. The manner in which it was imposed was unjust and almost deceitful. National service trainees i.e. conscripts for home defense (originally!) were chosen by ballot from one particular age-group. This lottery system was barely endurable when it was for home defense, but when these trainees were drafted into Regular Army (volunteers) units, and these Regular Army units, mostly volunteers but with their leavening of conscripts were drafted to Vietnam, a mounting surge of anger challenged the right of the government to sacrifice young men in this particular way. That a rolling ball in a lottery could condemn a voteless youth to Vietnam when no attempt had been made to recruit a volunteer force seemed, by Australian standards, to be unjust. The truth of it was that the government seems to have decided that it would not get the volunteers; it has been furtive about this, and indeed shifty about the whole nature of our American bargain.

In the elections, the forces of advertising and propaganda represented the doubts about conscription as proposals to withdraw from Vietnam. The only political party opposed to conscription was divided on what it proposed to do for Vietnam; the extreme left came out openly in favor of the Viet Cong, and there were many exhibitions of sympathy for the enemy which could only enrage average citizens with a desire to help. Nevertheless the fury with which the elections were conducted, was a fury which, I believe, came from the conscription issue rather than from the Vietnam issue. It was a genuine anger, the more angry for being helpless, that a government was exonerating its real responsibilities in a harsh and unjust way, a way tinged with sycophancy to a new motherland, and in which personal comfort was bought at home for the price of a young man's life overseas.

Australia is still a deeply divided country: divided along racial, and religious lines which often parallel the political lines. There are a certain number of Australians who believe that we ought to act like an independent nation, that we ought to love our neighbors, and take our place honorably and with dignity in Southeast Asia. There seem to be still a greater number who are afraid of responsibility and freedom. As one young man said bitterly of the elections: "The manhood of Australia has voted to send their younger brothers to war so that they can get on with the moneymaking."

NIALL BRENNAN

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LESSONS THROUGH THE BARREL OF A GUN

The sacred writings of Mao Tse-tung

GEORGE WOODCOCK

"On a blank sheet of paper, free from any mark, the freshest and most beautiful characters can be written, the freshest and most beautiful pictures can be painted." Like many of the metaphors of Mao-Tse-tung, the revolutionary warrior poet, this image has a lyrical quality which its real implication belies. It occurs in a passage in which Mao is discussing the Chinese peasants, so poor, so ignorant, but for these very reasons so amenable to the teachings of the Communist.

Mao has sought diligently for blank sheets of paper, and in this search he has never neglected the young, who in Asia today, when half the population is below the age of eighteen, are showing themselves a powerful force with an extraordinary mass will to action. In Indonesia the young prepared the way for a right-wing overthrow of Sukarno and his followers. In Kerala, by their food demonstrations a year ago, they prepared the way for the recent left-wing return to power of the Communists. Mao has shrewdly noted that today the leader in Asia who has the young against him is doomed; the leader who can marshal them is likely to remain in power. "The young people," he said in 1955, "are the most active and vital force in society. They are the most eager to learn and the least conservative in their thinking. This is especially so in the era of socialism." He still acts as if he believes this, and in the present Proletarian Cultural Revolution has done his best to profit by it.

I am not primarily concerned with the events of the Cultural Revolution; they are still obscure and their outcome is still in doubt, though it is at least evident that those who manipulated the Red Guard attempted one of the most audacious, and dangerous, feats in the history of politics—to engineer an anarchistic grassroots rebellion in order to maintain the political status quo. But even if one cannot yet clearly trace events in China one can already analyze the teachings with which in recent months the young people of China have been bombarded, and in this way sketch out the view of the human condition and the concept of a way of life that emerge from it. To quote Mao again, "Any thinking that . . . belittles the enemy is wrong." The actions of the Red Guards may at times seem irrational; we should not for that reason assume that they are devoid of a formidable *rationale*.

The Proletarian Cultural Revolution is aimed, overtly, at the elimination of what the Red Guards, with a typically Chinese regard for the magic of numbers, call The Four Olds—old ideas, old culture, old customs, old habits. But, as recent visitors to Peking tell me, those most sacred repositories of the old and traditional, the museums and the historic sites, have been kept tightly locked throughout the Red Guard occupation of the capital in case the young should interpret too literally the famous decision of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, dated the 8th of August, 1966, which set the Cultural Revolution in active motion with a call on "the revolutionary young people" to head a movement that would "change the mental outlook of the whole of society."

Texts from Mao

This protection of the traditional within the framework of an iconoclastic revolution finds its parallel in the fact that the ideological material which is being used in the Great Cultural Revolution is not in any way new. The

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primary texts are all by Mao Tse-tung. First among them is that little volume bound in crimson plastic which all the young possess and which makes every Red Guard procession look somewhat like a field of poppies rippling in the wind: *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*. The contents of this talismanic little book date back over the past forty years to Mao's young manhood in the 1920's before even the Long March took place; out of 425 quotations, only 20 come from works written since 1957. Next in importance are "The Three Constantly Read Articles," all of which in some way concern the ethics of a revolutionary society; they are "In Memory of Dr. Norman Bethune" (1939), "Serve the People" (1944), and "The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains" (1945). Finally, in the realm of literature and the arts the key text is Mao's "Talks at the Yenan Forum on Literature and Art," now 25 years old.

No Mao text used in the Proletarian Cultural Revolution is thus strictly contemporary, and the most important are between 25 and 30 years old. Of course, there are secondary texts which are contemporary, such as the *Decision of the Central Committee*, certain speeches by Lin Piao and Chou En-lai, and certain key newspaper articles and press releases, but these rely not merely on Mao's ideas but even on his phraseology. Finally, there is a group of works of literature, sculpture and theater which have been brought forward during the Cultural Revolution as examples of "authentic" proletarian art; to these I shall return.

In fact, the youth of China during the present movement has not only been fed a carefully selected group of standard Maoist texts, but has also behaved in the tradition of Chinese Communism considered as a profoundly national phenomenon. There is nothing new about the kangaroo courts, the public denunciations; they took place on an even more ferocious scale after the Communist seizure of power, the only difference being that then the victims were landlords and capitalists and now they are party members. There is nothing new about the attempt to elevate worker artists above "specialists"; the factories and farm communes have been pullulating with feverish literary and artistic production for a decade at least. There is nothing new about the celebrated poster campaigns; they are merely a development of the wall newspaper which is standard in all Communist countries. And when we go deeper and observe the kind of world which is being offered to the Chinese youth, the kind of ethics towards which they are being led today, the structure that rises before our eyes is that of a society of Spartan and puritanical military evangelists whose parallels echo back through history.

To observe the pattern that is being inculcated in place of the Four Olds, it is best to start with two of the Three Constantly Read Articles. Dr. Norman Bethune, the subject of the first of these, is a myth in Canada as well as in China. He was a typical hero of the Thirties, who served in Spain until that dream collapsed, and then went to China in 1938 to work as a military surgeon in the Eighth Route Army; he died at the end of 1939 of blood-poisoning when operating on Communist soldiers wounded in the war with Japan. A very different character is the hero of the third of the Constantly Read Articles, a figure of ancient Chinese fable called The Foolish Old Man of North Mountain.

"His house faced south and beyond his doorway stood the two great peaks, Taihang and Wangwu, obstructing the way. With great determination, he led his sons in digging up these mountains hoe in hand. Another greybeard, known as the Wise Old Man, saw them and said derisively, 'How silly of you to do this! It is quite impossible for you few to dig up these two huge mountains.' The Foolish Old Man replied, 'When I die, my sons will carry on; when they die, there will be my grandsons, and then their sons and grandsons, and so on to infinity. High as they are, the mountains cannot grow any higher, and with every bite we dig, they will be that much lower.

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Why can't we clear them away?' Having refuted the Wise Old Man's wrong view, he went on digging every day, unshaken by his conviction. God was moved by this, and he sent down two angels, who carried the mountains away on their back."

A strange fable for materialists, it might appear, but God in Mao's interpretation is the masses of the Chinese people, who have the power to move mountains, and the Foolish Old Man is the Communist Party, which has the will. In everything written or published in China today the human will acquires a power that at times seems superhuman. Mao's followers talk with a straight face of "the heroic struggle of the Chinese people to change heaven and earth," and the idea that the persistent effort of men can overcome all natural obstacles and defy the greatest of man-made disasters is an essential part of the attitude being taught to the young. "It is people, not things, that are decisive," says Mao, and "Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory." If the people "take their destiny into their own hands, there will be no difficulty in the world which they cannot overcome." In his most extreme Foolish Old Man mood he tells the young that the atom bomb is "a paper tiger. Of course, the atom bomb is a weapon of mass slaughter, but the outcome of a war is decided by the people, not by one or two new types of weapon."

If the fable of the Foolish Old Man teaches resolution, persistence, the refusal to accept defeat, Norman Bethune's story is used to instill selflessness. A foreigner coming to adopt the Chinese cause for his own seems to Mao the perfect example of this virtue, and Norman Bethune adds the further virtue of responsibility to his work.

As we read through the *Quotations* we come across many other passages of unexceptionable moralizing, which might well have come from a Victorian tract on the good life. "The principle of diligence and frugality should be observed in everything." "We must . . . oppose extravagant eating and drinking and pay attention to thrift and economy." "We stand for self-reliance." "Modesty helps one to go forward, whereas conceit makes one lag behind." "Selfishness, slacking, corruption, seeking the limelight, and so on, are most contemptible, while selflessness, working with all one's energy, whole-hearted devotion to public duty, and quiet hard work will command respect."

The extreme puritanism which accompanies this view of life is shown not merely in a prudery of an unexampled severity, so that sexual relations are rarely even mentioned in modern Chinese fiction, but also in a Spartan condemnation of the very idea of seeking comfort as an end. In a recent issue of the official English-language periodical, *Chinese Literature*, appeared a review of Sholokov's new novel, *A Man's Lot*. The review is a ferocious attack on Soviet ethics, and the hero, Sokolov, is treated with the kind of contempt that in another setting might pour from the lips of a religious prophet.

"Sokolov worked like a robot, got drunk, saved money, married a wife who was 'anxious to please, and smart'; had three children who 'did well in school'; '. . . had a roof over our heads, clothes on our back . . .' This picture of a 'happy' family and the home comforts Sokolov set such store by show us what a selfish, despicable creature he was."

As against the comfortable but despicable longings of the Russian Sokolovs, everything that the young Chinese is taught demands the utmost self-abnegation for the sake of the wider cause. And at this point we cannot avoid the issue of ways and means. The most exemplary personal behavior can be negative or positive according to the context in which it is applied. It is the wider philosophy within which Mao's maxims of the moral life are presented that most sharply distinguishes the teachings presented to the youth of China today.

Maxims for Youth

Love—except among those who accept the Party line in all its rigor—has no place in it. "As for the so-called love of humanity," says Mao, "there has been no such all-inclusive love since humanity was divided into classes. . . . Classes have split society into many antagonistic groupings; there will be love of all humanity when classes are eliminated, but not now. We cannot love enemies, we cannot love social evils, our aim is to destroy them."

The struggle between the classes is part of the constant movement of society, the perpetual revolution, which is Mao's particular version of the Marxist dialectic. "The history of mankind is one of continuous development from the realm of necessity to the realm of freedom. This process is never-ending." Even the end of class society does not mean the end of "contradiction and struggle" which, Mao teaches, "are universal and absolute," but struggle is of two kinds—non-antagonistic between workers and peasants, antagonistic between them and their enemies who, at this moment in history, must be regarded as present in person or in history. Thus, though there are no landlords or capitalists left in China, they are still to be hated, in retrospect, and also in prospect, since the sin of revisionism is capable of bringing them back.

The literature and art peculiarly associated with the Cultural Revolution are concerned largely with the fostering of retrospective class hatred. One of the most praised new novels is *The Song of Ouyang Hai*, the story of one of the "new men," reared entirely by Communism, about whom there is so much talk in China today. Ouyang Hai is a recruit into the army, full of enthusiasm, who steadily tempers himself in the fire of self-criticism, until he becomes the quintessential Maoist man who dies in the end pushing a horse from a railway track to save a trainful of his comrades. One of the grimmest scenes in *The Song* is a "bitterness recollection meeting"

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at which the soldiers tell what happened to their families at the hands of landlords, warlords and foreign devils. The stories produce an orgy of weeping, but the final result is quite different.

"Sorrow turned to anger, hatred turned to strength. No one wept now, no one sighed. Bloodshot eyes stared at the ground. Then one by one fists rose into the air and the roar of slogans shook the club. Third Company was in ferment."

Two other recent works intended to provoke similar rages are the ballet, *The White-Haired Girl*, and a famous group sculpture, *Rent Collection Courtyard*. Both deal with the evils of landlordism. *The White-Haired Girl,* which technically borrows much from the ballet of revisionist Moscow, is the tale of a girl whose father is killed by landlords and who flees from their grasp to a cave where her hair turns white from privations; finally the Red Army invades her village and the landlords are shot. A spare-time worker-critic remarked: "Watching the ballet, I entered into Hsi-erh's hatred and indignation as well as her joy after she had risen up and become one of the masters of the country. . . . This class hatred is something I shall never forget." *Rent Collection Courtyard* is a vast work of Communist pop-art with 119 life-sized clay figures in the actual courtyard of an old estate, showing the conflict between peasants and their exploiters on a typical rent day; it is calculated to keep alive the furies of those sorrowful times.

But, Mao Tse-tung tells us, "*War* is the highest form of struggle for resolving contradictions . . . between classes, nations, states, or political groups." This is not merely a statement for outside consumption or a stance in debate with the Russian Communists. It is part of the *Quotations* which all young Chinese people read daily, and only one among many such exhortations. "The seizure of power by armed force, the settlement of the issue by war, is . . . the highest form of revolution." "Every Communist must grasp the truth, 'Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.' " At times Mao says, "We desire peace," but he also says "in order to get rid of the gun it is necessary to take up the gun." War is inevitable until everything outside Communism is swept away. Most sinister of all are the passages in which, like Hitler, Mao suggests a moral uplift through war. "Revolutionary war is an antitoxin which not only eliminates the enemy's poison but also purges us of our own filth."

It is doubly exact to use the word *Spartan* in describing the code of frugality and selflessness that is taught the youth of China; like the Spartans they are in perpetual training for the act of war, to whose continuation into the foreseeable future their society is dedicated. China is a resurgent empire, Mao Tse-tung is its *roi soleil* ("Chairman Mao is the sun, the sun is the Communist Party" sings the chorus in *The White-Haired Girl*), and, as happens when revolutionary France became Napoleonic, the aims of the revolution have been consumed by its method. It is a society as possessed by the idea of heroism as Homer's Greece, and as impervious to the idea of peace, and its sons and daughters are bred for conflict.

No choice but the Common Market

BRITAIN WANTS IN

STUART A. SCHEINGOLD

For the fourth time since the end of World War II and the third time in the last ten years Britain is beckoning towards Europe. In the earlier instances, the British seemed interested only in a flirtation. Britain joined the Council of Europe in 1949, but only after assuring herself that it would be an ineffectual meeting house rather than an incipient federal Parliament. She ignored the tightly integrated European Coal and Steel Community in 1950 and attempted to subvert and dilute its more extensive successor, the Common Market, in 1958. Having failed, in 1961 she sought a marriage of convenience with the burgeoning EEC. However, British determination to protect her interests in other portions of the world as well as the objections of the Labor Party gave President de Gaulle a pretext for his dramatic veto of British entry in 1963. Although de Gaulle emerged the villain both inside Common Market circles and in Washington, among Europeans there was more concern over imperious Gaullist tactics than over his policy. It was still not clear that Britain's affection for Europe was genuine.

Now, things have changed! There may still be some who doubt the depth of British affection, but her intentions are most assuredly honorable. Britain simply has no other options. The foundations on which her foreign policy has rested since World War II have crumbled and

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both economically and politically, union with Europe seems to be the only reasonable path to pursue.

At the end of World War II, with the break-up of the Empire and the general decline of British power, England sought a meaningful new role in world politics. What emerged was a policy in which Britain attempted to become the pivot of three international systems—the Atlantic, the European, and the Commonwealth. She might not have been able to dominate any of these systems, but the hope of British foreign policy was that influence in one system could be used to gain a voice within the others. Thus, British expertise in developing areas was to be used to pull strings in Washington. In turn, her leverage in Washington could perhaps be parlayed with the chaotic conditions on the continent into a significant role in Europe. Finally, it was possible that this influential position in the West could be combined with an enlightened withdrawal from the Empire to mold a multiracial commonwealth which might stabilize the third world.

In general, this policy served the British interests reasonably well. The special relationship with the United States has been useful—the U.S. has been in the vanguard of those ready to rescue the pound and the British have received privileged access to atomic secrets. The Commonwealth has, of course, continued to be an important trading partner and in a less tangible way the symbol of Britain as a world power. In Europe, she has assumed leadership of the seven nations remaining outside the Common Market and at the same time retained some influence among "the Six," particularly in Holland. The results of this policy were reasonably satisfactory through the 1950's. By and large, Britain was accepted—if not as one of the superpowers—then certainly as a second power of the first magnitude. In a bipolar world, this was not an unenviable position.

But things have not gone altogether smoothly, and in any case times have changed. In the crunch, Britain has not really been able to pull many strings in Washington. Beginning with Potsdam, which Churchill opposed, running through the American betrayal in the Suez dispute, and going up to our current insistence on a British presence east of Suez, it is clear that the special relationship has been largely characterized by U.S. initiative and British assent. The Commonwealth meanwhile has transformed itself from a link with the third world into a cauldron of racial turmoil. Caught between a professed commitment to black majorities in Rhodesia and South Africa and the domestic costs—political and financial—of intervention, the Wilson government by its temporizing threatens to alienate the developing nations. As for Europe, as the Six become increasingly a unit, Britian finds her ability to affect the course of events decreasing rapidly.

If Britain's political influence is being eroded, the "pivot" policy looks more and more like economic suicide. The Atlantic relationship made perfect sense when the U.S. was doling out Marshall Plan money and when Britain thought its only problem was recovery. Now it is clear that economic transformation is the key to prosperity. Readers of the British press are showered with indices of economic stagnation and decline. Not only is the pound struggling and the balance of payments under constant pressure, the rate of economic growth is painfully slow and British productivity is mediocre, at best.

A most striking index of the productivity gap appeared in the Sunday *Times* last summer in an article entitled, "Britain in Blinkers." Figures indicated that it takes 1.41 British steel workers to produce as much crude steel as a single German; 2.24 Britons to produce as much transport equipment as a single Belgian; and 1.57 English workingmen to match the "manufacturing" output of a single French laborer. British performance is not uniformly poor; in one of the ten economic sectors reported, metal products, British productivity is higher than that of each of the Common Market countries. Still, in four sectors, labor productivity of the five EEC countries reported surpass the figures for Great Britain (no figures were given for tiny Luxemburg).

Moreover, whereas the Common Market projects an image of dynamism and growth, Britain seems involved in aimless tinkering with a stagnant economy. The *Economist* recently reported that British GNP had risen by only 2.2 percent in 1965 and speculated that even this unsatisfactory rate had not been maintained in 1966. Despite the efforts of the Labor Party to improve the economic situation, it is estimated that growth rate shrank to an almost imperceptible .5 percent. Symbolically, the most recent austerity measures imposed exchange restrictions which tend to cut Britons off from the Continent—even for vacation purposes.

The Answer

Where besides Europe is the answer to be found? Not in the special relationship: The U.S. may bail out the pound from time to time, but its only contribution to growth is in terms of American investment. To some Europeans this is simply neo-colonialism: Even Prime Minister Wilson recently characterized the U.S. as posing the threat of "an industrial helotry under which we in

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Europe produce only the conventional apparatus of a modern economy, while becoming increasingly dependent on American business for the sophisticated apparatus which will call the industrial tune in the seventies and eighties." Not in the Commonwealth: the Commonwealth's share of British trade is declining and, in any case, the raw materials and light manufactures will not provide the kind of competitive impetus which is needed to get the blinkers off Britain. Not in the European Free Trade Area: even if EFTA had not been founded on the death wish of entry into the Common Market, its complementary economies and limited markets are not likely to catalyze the British economy.

No, the only real option is joining the Continental's Common Market. British entry would, of course, be the first step towards enlarging little Europe, since it is clear that EFTA would dissolve immediately with virtually all its membership either going to the EEC or establishing a close relationship with it. No longer at sixes and sevens, Europe would become a reasonably cohesive economic bloc and an incipient political force.

All this brings us to the crux of the problem—the Gaullist veto. If the inscrutable General in Paris should once again decide that Britain is to be kept out, Mr. Wilson's travels and his unequivocal declaration of British intent will all have been in vain. Under Common Market rules, the French President is entitled to his veto, and there is no evidence to date that any of his partners have the capacity to outmaneuver him in the game of diplomacy. But if the veto can not be beaten, can it be avoided? Is the General unconditionally determined to exclude Britain or does he have his price?

At best, the price this time seems likely to be higher than that disclosed in his publicly stated arguments for exercising the veto in 1963. There can no longer be any doubt that he aspires to leadership of a bloc of European states between the superpowers. Consequently, he cannot accept a Britain poised between Washington and Paris and trying to play one off against the other. He will only accept a Britain that has severed virtually all of its links with the U.S. Militarily, this means throwing in its nuclear force with France. Financially, this means accepting French plans for international monetary reform and perhaps Europeanizing the pound. (Mr. Debré, French Finance Minister, has recently suggested a united front by Common Market countries in monetary matters—an area where Common Market progress has been notoriously slow.) Economically, it probably means institutionalized cooperation in the research and development field, a necessary prerequisite to heading off American investment colonialism.

There are two ways of looking at these Gaullist demands. One might say that Britain is being asked to abandon her special relationship with the United States and, in fact, sell out the entire Atlantic Alliance. From another perspective, not less persuasive, Britain is simply being asked to stop equivocating and choose. If the world, in general, has become less bipolar in the last several years, the Atlantic Area has become more so. Britain may once have hoped to play the polarizing role in Europe. When instead the Common Market became the touchstone of unity, Britain managed to remain poised between the fields of force. Now, she is simply hung up. Whether or not de Gaulle lowers the barrier, the lesson is clear: the attraction of Europe is increasingly compelling.

Probational Demands

Of course, the General may hope for concessions from the English simply as a token of good faith, thus keeping Britain at a subservient arm's length through a long probational period. For example, she is now being told that she must put her economic house in order. One could argue that the price of British entry goes up by tantalizing increments just fast enough to keep the Market out of reach. But, ironically, British concessions to tough Gaullist bargaining seem likely to dissipate any lingering mistrust on the Continent. Either in the near future or after de Gaulle has retired from the scene, Britain should be able to count on her friends within the Common Market to make England part of Europe.

What then would British entry mean to the Atlantic Alliance? England needs Europe and seems willing to pay heavily. But Prime Minister Wilson is not without some trump cards. Other things to the contrary notwithstanding, Britain would be a formidable addition to a European bloc. She has made more progress in the nuclear field than has any other European nation and her research and development efforts make her a particularly attractive partner. Anglo-French cooperation in the aircraft development is certain evidence of the symmetry of interests in this vital area. In any real bargaining, it should be possible to soften some of the more exorbitant French demands. Being a good European does not necessarily entail a completely antagonistic posture towards the United States. The other members of the Common Market have been able to make a clear choice for Europe without turning on their American ally.

The system that would emerge from a firm British commitment to the Continent would not be amenable to American manipulation. The postwar days when the United States could parlay the carrot and the stick into a beneficent Atlantic imperium are over. The hard bargaining of the Kennedy Round, not the unenthusiastic compliance of the Marshall Plan, is symptomatic of the future. Nevertheless, the determination of both sides to reach agreement in the Kennedy Round is an index of the ultimate commitment to the Atlantic System on both sides of the ocean. As economic partners and probably as military allies, United Europe and the United States will be locked into the same system for some time to come.

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The Charles Davis case

NO TIME TO LEAVE

JUSTUS GEORGE LAWLER

Last December a few journalists instinctively confecting the Senecan pap their craft makes mandatory and reciting to themselves the tag, "English Cleric Abandons Church," concluded immediately: Davis-Newman. No one outside their trade took this aphoristic history to heart, and no one not of a like univocal temper (e.g., Garry Wills for whom all "conservatives" are opposed to all "liberals" on all points of life and thought, worship and dogma) could have imagined that somehow the reporters' tidy parallel illuminated the low state to which the entire body of the Catholic faithful had sunk.

It was obvious that no parallel on any substantial point could be drawn, and that none will be drawn along those lines until Charles Davis produces his own equivalent of the *Essay on Development*. This will be a task of some magnitude since Charles Davis' theology now seems to allow little play to the institutional embodiments of an ideology, to Newman's Leitmotiv of a primordial unity that shapes its implicities—a Leitmotiv that Loisy saw applicable to the entire religious evolution of humanity.

But one should not be too hard on the religion editors of our weeklies; even the witless evocation of the nineteenth century with regard to the Davis affair may open up a fruitful image to explore. For as one reads Father Davis' *Observer* exposé one has the impression confirmed that what he is rebelling against is largely a specter out of the era of Pio Nono. In the Roman Catholic Church, Fr. Davis finds "no attention to truth for its own sake." The accusation is that of Canon Charles Kingsley in 1864: "Truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy." It is most strange, however, that Fr. Davis should choose to buttress his assertions by a discussion of the postponement of a papal decision on contraception. "To say, as the Pope did, that the teaching authority of the Church was not in a state of doubt on the issue of birth control was to deny a plain fact."

Now, a great deal of tender solicitude towards Fr. Davis, as is only fitting, has been displayed in all Catholic commentaries on his defection (save for the spastic anachronisms of *Triumph*); and potentially critical onlookers rightly have been warned of the imperatives of charity, of how one must accept Fr. Davis at his word, must not pass judgment on his inner motives, etc. It is characteristic of the present state of the Church, for which there are good (nineteenth-century) reasons, that in self-exoneration one may publicly read into papal conduct a "callous dishonesty" all the while expecting others to take one's own conduct at its immediate face value. The man in authority is always deceptive; the man in the ranks is always a model of candor—and one forgets that both are merely men seeking somehow to work their way out of a muddle as best their training, intelligence, circumstances will allow.

Fr. Davis' advancing the contraception issue as his personal crux is a little surprising since at no time had he indicated any overriding concern about this question which has been vexing the Catholic community for a decade now, and towards the resolution of which a number of clerics equally as subject to episcopal sanction as he have been heroically spending themselves. Even more surprising is the onus he attaches to the papal statement that there "existed no doubt" on the matter. How can anyone say this is false, since it is readily conceivable that while there may be no doubt whatever on the issue itself, there may be great doubt as to the advisability of rendering a decision immediately? It suggests a kind of radical gnosticism to ignore the pastoral consequences, the institution turbulence that will result from a definitive decision on contraception, whether favorable or unfavorable.

Certainly this is not the first time that religious affirmations have been acknowledged as correct, but opposed as untimely and imprudent—at Vatican I the entire liberal party almost unanimously based its public opposition to defining papal infallibility on its "inopportunism." As Newman said: "The Church moves as a whole; it is not a mere philosophy, it is a communion; it not only discovers, but it teaches; it is bound to consult for charity as well as for faith. You must prepare men's minds for the doctrine, and you must not flout and insult the existing traditions of countries."

What Fr. Davis reads as a "bureaucratic insensitivity to people and their suffering," seems superficially to merit sympathy—though one must add one would have liked to see that insensitivity being corrected by more of England's theologians a few years ago. But in fact it *may be* precisely a concern for "people and their suffering" which motivated the postponement that caused Fr. Davis his "climax of revulsion." Anyone not isolated from con-

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crete pastoral affairs, anyone, that is, who has much to do either with parish priests or with their parishioners knows how much confusion, bewilderment, and even moral relativism might be presently induced by *any* decision on contraception. And against the "people and their suffering" must be weighed the fact that through selective prejudices large numbers of Catholics are already suggesting that if the Church can change her position on contraception, she can change on other issues, on, for instance, racial segregation, anti-Semitism, and noncombatant immunity?

To this, it could of course be replied that a mature secular humanism should be enough to correct these inhuman aberrations. Regrettably, the evils of segregation, mass murder of civilians, anti-Semitism demand correction now, and there is no time to wait for an undeveloped humanism to provide it. It is not enough to blandly assert concerning such possible consequences of a favorable decision on contraception: so what? leave the bewilderment, confusion, etc., to the Holy Spirit to solve. For the spirit acts only through institutions, through men with sensibilities, idiosyncracies, biases; in short, acts only through men with histories.

The Wholeness of the Church

There is much to be said for being aware of the wholeness of the Church, for taking into account the problems radical moral reforms may generate in seemingly unrelated areas: there is little to be said in favor of an ecclesiology founded on a villain-theory, even if the villain is masked under such epithets as "system," and "institution." Because the witness of such as Archbishop Roberts and Canon Drinkwater is clearly born of communion with the whole Church on all its levels, it is so much more effective than the fervid though tardy expressions of anguish Fr. Davis has voiced. There is an obvious danger that anyone in a highly specialized office will lose sight of the totality; for if the Church is anything it is neither curia nor hierarchy, but parish and the new forms of community that the parish will give rise to; it is above all neither seminary life nor theological speculation where for reasons good and bad the heel of authority grinds most ruthlessly.

It is of course an arrogant cliché for the pious to say that intellectuals are out of touch with reality and victims of self-infatuation: one thinks immediately of Fernand Mayward on Dr. Döllinger: ". . . a university professor of great learning, but also of excessive pride." Nevertheless, the stereotyped Roman Catholic apology that contrasts the proud de Lamennais with the humble Lacordaire, the proud Loisy with the humble Laberthonnière is not entirely without foundation; and it was wise counsel that the great master of the spiritual life, Abbé Huvelin, gave to Baron von Hügel, that most cerebral of Catholics, that he should pray the rosary daily to help prevent his "interior life from losing touch with the devotion of the people."

But this is a delicate area, and the whole matter of personal piety v. pride relates so closely to what is utterly undiscernible as to be beyond analysis. It bears mention, though, that those who never "rejected" (Fr. Davis' chosen word) the Church, but were driven out of her continued to cling to the common sacramental life of the faithful. It is reported that Döllinger had been accustomed to say Mass daily—a contradiction of the priggish Cardinal Vaughan's post-1871 recollections; Tyrrell kept trying to get permission to say Mass after his suspension; and as late as 1906, even Loisy asked for the renewal of his permission to celebrate in his own home. (In passing, one is entitled to inquire by what right ecclesiastical authority can forbid a priest to celebrate or a layman to communicate.)

What then would seem to be most needed in warding off lapses is a sense of one's common humanity—and concomitantly, a sense of humor about institutional life, its personages and its appanages. Individual styles are unique, but one does feel that Loisy, too often acerb and brittle, could have benefited by some of the ironic wit of Duchesne—for a while more suspect by Rome than Loisy—who remarked, "I am not a theologian, that is why I can praise God with joy." Or again less whimsically, from Duchesne: "Every year it is for me a lamentable spectacle of an episcopate composed of imbeciles. Our present archbishop is a mitred sacristan"—a comment reminiscent of Newman's reference to Ward, Vaughan, and Manning as "the three tailors of Tooley Street." Perhaps even a touch of curial pragmatism would not be a bad disposition to cultivate, as Archbishop Seton, long America's most decorative prelate at the Quirinal, exemplified: "Theologians make difficulties and canonists get around them."

It was at Rome, one recalls, that von Hügel was advised, "Never ask for an *imprimatur*, it is the first step to the *Index*." And when Archbishop Errington was dismissed to the Isle of Man, where he ministered for the remainder of his life as a parish priest, he sardonically noted that "it is not the Holy Ghost that governs the Church, but Msgr. Talbot"—who subsequently was confined to an asylum. More pertinently one might think of the contemporary theologian's *mot* about the contraception decision being held up until the Vatican can get some pharmaceutical stocks into its portfolio.

"Venial Egotism"?

One must not criticize Fr. Davis for not being somebody else, but one wonders about the pretentious high seriousness of asserting of *Mysterium fidei*: "I should not have accepted the document as a piece of work from a student," just as one wonders about the hardy *contra-mundum* stance in assaulting a nineteenth-century con-

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ception of "papal primacy and infallibility." After all encyclicals come and go, and what one Council has done another can undo. Is not this what we mean by living in history? There is a peculiar strain of "venial egotism" in Fr. Davis' observations: "An imperative urge within me to think creatively has been blocked and stifled beyond endurance by conformity to a rigidly dogmatic Church. . . . I have had to remove a mountain of ecclesiastical rubble in order to produce a few tiny plants of creative thought."

Indeed. But have not innovators in every order and way of life had to suffer for their novelties; is not every institution subject to the same laws, the same defects? In the above quotations one glimpses again an indifference to that Leitmotiv of Newman's life which so effectively preserved his spiritual balance: "Now the Church is a Church Militant, and, as the commander of an army is despotic, so must the visible head of the Church be; and therefore *in its idea* the Pope's jurisdiction can hardly be limited" (italics added).

But of course, in its execution it will invariably be limited, as will, by definition, any idea be limited in its temporal unfolding. It is the interplay between the "idea" and the "limit"—the latter being an accompaniment and a correlative of the "idea"—which makes for the dynamic tension that constitutes every living institution, and above all that constitutes the viable paradox of the institution which is denominated "the mystical body." Fr. Davis would dissolve the paradox by destroying one pole of its tension: quite literally this is to play the "slacker."

Fortunately we have other models to look upon. Immediately there comes to mind Fr. DuBay who, whatever may be said of his methods, *refuses* to be de-institutionalized, who is acting institutionally—there is no other way—as a limit on an otherwise despotic authority. Fr. Davis bemoans such despotism: "The effort to confine my thinking within the rigid framework of present orthodoxy might in any case have proved too great for me . . . the official Church no longer for me represents a common thought; it has become a narrow system imposed by authority often against the genuine advance of thought within the Church itself." The sentiments are not new. Wilfrid Ward once wrote: "Now, if I, as a private priest, put anything into print, Propaganda answers me at once. How can I fight with such a chain on my arm? It is like the Persians driven to fight under the lash. There was true private judgment in the primitive and medieval schools—there are no schools now, no private judgment (in the religious sense of the phrase), no freedom, that is, of opinion. That is, no exercise of the intellect. No, the system goes on by the tradition of the intellect of former times."

But Newman, shelved at Birmingham and under a cloud far denser than any ever hovering above Fr. Davis, added immediately: "This is a way of things which, in God's own time, will work its own cure, of necessity; nor need we fret under a state of things, much as we may feel it, which is incomparably less painful than the state of the Church before Hildebrand, and again in the fifteenth century." So, to a sense of the totality, and to a sense of humor, we must add a sense of providence, a sense that "truth defends itself, and falsehood refutes itself." And Newman continued: ". . . and that having said my say, time will decide for me, without my trouble, how far it was true, and how far not true." It was of Newman, one of the "kings of modern thought," that Arnold was undoubtedly thinking when he wrote: "Silent they are, though not content,/And wait to see the future come./They have the grief men had of yore,/But they contend and cry no more."

In fact the "cure" of which Newman wrote is being worked in our own time, as the following would instance. It is now known that Fr. Davis' archbishop has expressed some reservations about material being published in *The Clergy Review*—even as Newman's bishop had had reservations about the *Rambler* under Newman's short-lived editorship. But to Newman's request for a board of censors for the magazine, the bishop's response was simply to bid Newman "to give it up." Where as in Fr. Davis' case, the January *Clergy Review* noted that after the Archbishop had voiced his concern, "Fr. Davis immediately sent us his resignation, but after further discussion with us and at the personal request of the Archbishop he withdrew it. A *modus vivendi* apparently satisfactory to all parties was reached, whereby Fr. Davis submitted his own choice of priests with pastoral as well as theological knowledge from whom a board of editorial advisors could be nominated. . . ." *Plus ça change* . . . is not the title to this chapter of church history.

Not only does the nineteenth-century offer some striking contrasts to the twentieth, it also offers some rich examples of how men under great personal pressure responded to ecclesiastical authority, how they parried its blows, temporized, feinted, struck back, or maintained silence; in sum how they expressed in their actions the realization that every institution is a "political" institution. Thus after Bishop Ullathorne's visitation to Newman bidding him give up the *Rambler,* he published his famous essay, "On Consulting the Faithful in Matters of Doctrine"; this was the advantageous moment to strike back, not at Ullathorne but at the system. At other times Newman published under pseudonyms on similar themes; on other more provocative occasions he governed himself by the principle, "There are truths that are inexpedient," and remained silent.

Fr. Davis would perhaps characterize these apparent concessions to principle, these maneuvers and tactical deployments, as beneath his dignity as an intellectual. After decrying the fact that "doctrinal declarations [are] won by maneuvering," he adds: "But I was never much interested in palace politics; my life dedication is to faith and theology." The great leaders of the nineteenth-

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century Catholic enlightenment knew that "faith and theology" must employ "palace politics," that there is an unremitting tension between mystique and politique, and one cannot dispense with either without dispensing ultimately with both.

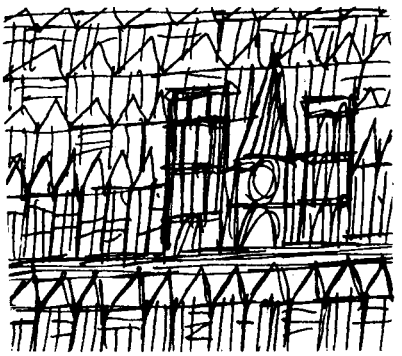
Maintaining the Tension

One might learn other lessons in the maintenance of this tension from the politic response to Roman exorbitance or intransigence made by such theologians as Döllinger or de Lamennais. Döllinger himself told Gregorovius that he had written *Janus* anonymously in order not to sever himself from the Roman communion; one should recall as well the "appeals to Rome" that flowed incessantly, *in propria persona,* anonymously, or pseudonymously, from the pen of de Lamennais. Is it "palace politics" to exercise restraint, to abide by the signs of the time, to have faith in history, to say, for example, as did Döllinger to Newman: "Is it at all prudent, advisable, to write . . . and to try to shake prejudices which seem so firmly rooted?"?

Such men as Döllinger and de Lamennais did not "reject" the Church, they were hounded out of it; and even then, as when the piteous cry broke from Döllinger, *"Je suis isolé,"* they refused to accept the sentence of Rome. Up to his death Döllinger protested himself a Roman Catholic, and de Lamennais—as Wilfrid Ward accurately observed—finally broke only under the personal harassment of the bishops; and this after nearly a decade of incessant persecution.

We rightly regard such men as our precursors. We regard Dr. Döllinger's *Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches* as a primer of ecumenism for our time as for his own. We applaud de Lamennais for his stimulus to creative theology, and we read the following statement by him as the direct antecedent of *Gaudium et spes*: "Our cause is that of Catholicism, that of the Church, inseparable in itself from the cause of society. To defend the Church and work to revivify its antiquated character, [*antique vie*] for too long a time enervated, is therefore to defend society and work for the salvation of people who everywhere today are so suffering that one does not know where to find in preceding centuries, a misery comparable to their misery. . . . The whole of humanity bursts out in a great cry of anguish and is forced to give birth to a new order [*ordre nouveau*]. . . . But, I repeat, the life of nations, principally in the present age, can only be the life of Catholicism, the life of the church. It is therefore the Church that it is necessary to scrutinize first, it is for its evils that it is necessary to strive to find a remedy for there are no evils that do not derive from hers."

One understands, then, why Newman could reverse his reactionary Anglican opinion of de Lamennais, and three decades later, reading the signs of the time more clearly than Gregory XVI's successors, could declare: "Perhaps La Mennais will be a true prophet after all." One understands, too, why Newman in his declining years, though he was unsympathetic with Döllinger's position, wanted to minister to his spiritual needs. Both outcasts, Döllinger and de Lamennais, were priests who clung to the faith of the Church and looked to history for their vindication. Like Teilhard in our own day, history has proved them prophets.



Perhaps Fr. Davis is also such a prophet. It is not impossible. Yet there are some indications to the contrary, for as we have noted, there is lacking to his *apologia* any awareness that the underside of mystique is politique. Nor has he been driven out of the sacramental community but has repudiated it *tout court* in a rant that is both embarrassingly self-revealing and utterly unjust. For if the Church *is* as Fr. Davis envisions it—victim of "collective neurosis," "pathological," "racked by fear, insecurity and anxiety," "intolerant," and "lacking in love"—his is not an idiosyncratic act due to "his own personal make-up," but an act that we are all morally obligated to imitate; for if the Church *is* as Fr. Davis envisions it, it is not the Church at all.

The office for which Fr. Davis has ordained himself presumably will be that of prophet of a de-institutionalized Church: "My experience has removed the credibility for me of the official Church as the mode of Christian presence in the world. The Church of Christ is essentially the visibility of grace, namely, the visible model and witness of that interpersonal communion amongst men which is the gift of salvation. By essence the Christian Church has to be the model of human relationships and human community. When I see the official Church in its structure and activity as destructive of genuine human relationships, I can no longer accept it as the embodiment of grace. Hence I now look for the Church in the more informal groupings of Christians, both within and without the institutional Church, where I find a witness that is credibly Christian."

Alas that the prophetic utterance is so muted and garbled. It is simply too much to ask of any "official" body, of any institution, no matter how perfectly structured and purely administered, that it be "the model of human relationships and human community." The ecclesiastical structure is merely the framework in which community can occur; that the structure may inhibit some people

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some time is undeniable; but one must assess their anguish in the light of other undeniable benefits the institutional Church does confer—and as a matter of simple intelligence one must question whether this anguish may not often be of their own making, born of hypertrophied idealism.

The Place of Smaller Communities

Any understanding even of smaller communities in the Church, in which the members are bound together by a common work, by a common mode of life, by a common place of residence, that is, any understanding of the workings of religious orders and institutes elicits as primary datum that even within such communities, lesser communities will invariably be formed of like-minded and like-spirited persons. It is sheer *Sehnsucht* to imagine that in any large groupings of individuals one is going to have a "model of human relatioinships": the intellectuals will constitute one such model, the activists another, the devotional another, the philistines another, all against the backdrop of a larger and less closely knit community (the religious congregation), which itself exists against the backdrop of the institutionalized Church.

Fr. Davis with his quest for "models" and abhorrence of "systems" will just have to learn from another nineteenth-century thinker (John Stuart Mill) "that the true system was something much more complex and many-sided than I had previously had any idea of, and that its office was to supply, not a set of model institutions, but principles from which the institutions suitable to any given circumstances might be deduced." The lesser components exist in a relationship of reciprocal and creative friction both with one another and with the larger system, as, for example, the Catholic Worker movement, Friendship House, etc. It smacks of catharism to assume that only pure communities of committed communicants should make up a worldwide Church. The *Ecce quam bonum* has always had a hollow ring when sung by massed choirs.

Fr. Davis notes of the people whom he admires and loves in the Church: "They do not seem to draw upon the official Church for the personal and community values they cherish and promote." Possibly not, but the celebration of the Eucharist would seem to be a value they do draw upon. And perhaps there are other values in religion than those pop psychology describes as "interpersonal relationships." For the institutional Church by the very fact of being a worldly body active in the world has an impact on worldly men that the purest independent sects do not. If, for instance, any religious voice is going to make itself listened to in condemnation of the atrocities of Vietnam, it will not be the voice of the new cathari —nor even, regrettably, of the Quakers—but the voice of that supreme pontiff whose "Roman claims" fill Fr. Davis with "revulsion." That that voice has too often been silent when one would have liked to hear it speak forthrightly is all the more reason for not conspiring to muffle it altogether.

The powers of this world are influenced only by worldly—that is by institutionalized—power. It was only because the dissenters of Clapham were organized under the leadership of Wilberforce and because he himself joined the highest religious motives to directly political action that the abolition of slavery was achieved. The Old Catholic movement "has come to nothing," wrote that entirely worldly observer, Jowett, when he saw that the movement could exercise no effective power. Nor did Josef Stalin mockingly ask: How many divisions have the Italian sects?

Moreover, the institution provides channels of communication and action that are already existent. It provides the instruments for reform, however blunt and bent those instruments from time to time may be. Undoubtedly, as Rosemary Ruether has so frequently noted, we are moving towards a more fluid structure within the Church, a structure in which the old frameworks of parish and diocese, of geography and time, of confessional allegiance and affiliation, may be dissolved, in which greater dissent and more evangelical witnessing will be the norm—but always, as Dr. Ruether has brilliantly emphasized, against the backdrop of a common tradition and ideal, a tradition and ideal which by reason of its very universality must inevitably be incarnated in its own structure, in its own "institution." Institutions are not the lengthened shadows of men, but of ideas, ideas which must become institutionalized if they are to become realities.

The Protestant moralist, Paul Ramsey, perhaps too conscious of the truth in the above generalities, has often accused certain pacifists like Gordon Zahn of being sectaries because, it is alleged, in the interest of purity of doctrine they would diminish the Church's influence on secular affairs. The accusation is founded on a faulty ecclesiology which does not take sufficiently into account that, as Congar said, *"Il faut, dans l'Eglise, des prophètes"*; for the prophet is merely the providential instrument to guarantee that *in the Church* the means do not obscure or defile the ends.

The prophet, then, is as necessary as the administrator —but not much more than that. Moreover, the accusation is baseless because the sectary, by definition, cuts himself off from the Church. It is not the peace agitators, the civil-rights rebels, the theological renovators, the institutional goads who have lost sight of the dialectic tension that exists within the Christian community, as within every other human organization, it is those who like Fr. Davis explicitly and formally "reject" one of the sustaining poles of that tension. That there are bishops and functionaries—Roman "lackeys" as Newman termed them—who would reject the other pole makes neither them nor Fr. Davis less blameworthy.

The parallel to Fr. Davis, therefore, is not Dr. Döl-

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linger, Abbé de Lamennais, or Cardinal Newman. The parallel, sadly, must be drawn from more recent days and is with Abbé Jean Massin and his Community of Christian Hope. Abbé Massin wrote (though in the days of *Humani generis* and of the condemnation of the worker priests, and therefore patently less unjustifiably, than Davis):

"The Community of Christian Hope is composed of men and women united together in order to seek to live and to think along the lines of a truly evangelical Christianity which shall respond to the needs and values of our epoch, and which will be able to give some meaning to the daily lives of our contemporaries. The Community does not want to become a new sect. We wish to maintain a bond of fraternal union with all the men of our age whose religious unrest has not been allayed elsewhere, and who want to live with Jesus. . . . It is in conjugal love that God aids us to understand how He wishes to unite Himself to humanity and to each man. . . . The Community of Christian Hope rejects any moral doctrine, whatever it may be, which makes the idolatrous pretension of codifying an imitation of Jesus Christ. . . . Can I believe at once in Jesus and in Rome?"

In the last decade and a half nothing more has been heard of Abbé Massin and his group.

But hopefully, perhaps, the aptest parallel will be with the Jesuit, Boyd Barrett. And as Fr. Barrett did in his old age, so too may Fr. Davis: return to the Church to which he owes so much and to which he could have given so much.

I close with words I have cited in another place, words written by a priest—Yves M. J. Congar—who himself came under the severest censure, who in his own time saw his work destroyed, who was rumored even to be the inspiration of formal heresy and actual schism: "One is able to leave the Church. But after that, what then? I have here before me a number of manifestos: that of the liberal Catholic Church, of the Kingdom of God, of the Evangelical Catholic Church, of the French Evangelical Church, and of many others. Several of these groups which in their time have caused much suffering and trouble to souls no longer exist. What have they achieved in the final analysis but to break with the Faith and to render more difficult the work of the Gospel in the world? Does not history cry out with all its might at the vanity of trying to purify the Church against itself? In forty or fifty years, when others shall overtake us on the paths of our present cares, those who today destroy and rebuild in the flower of their twenty or thirty years shall be not only ignored but forgotten. Where shall they be? What shall they believe? Reading the manifesto of their youth, I fear that they find nothing great in the profound truths which the saints have lived in the Church and for which at this very moment the confessors are offering without glory before the eyes of men, their health, their liberty, and the very life of the body."

The Charles Davis case

A LOSS TO US ALL

ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

Back in my unregenerate pre-ecumenical days, when I was writing editorials to the effect that Rome rather than Moscow was the real enemy because Communists could admit they were wrong but Catholics couldn't (cf. the doctrine of infallibility), I suppose I would have chortled over the decision of Charles Davis to leave the priesthood and the Roman Catholic Church. "Ha!," I would have reported to a little scoreboard I am sure I was subconsciously keeping at that time, "*they've* lost one of their leaders. How nice for us."

I don't think that way any more, and I don't know a single Protestant today who has had anything remotely like that reaction in the face of last December's bombshell. Our reaction has paralleled the Roman Catholic reaction. It has been one of pain: "*We've* lost one of *our* leaders. How tragic for him and for us all." The ecumenical situation, thanks precisely to men like Charles Davis, has advanced to the place where the "we-they" distinctions of the pre-Johannine era just don't cut much ice any more. We still have basic disagreements to be sure, but those come second on the agenda now, not first. A loss sustained by one of us is a loss sustained by us all.

It is not indulging in ecumenical name-dropping to say that I knew Charles Davis, for any Protestant observer who was at the Vatican Council could make the same statement. He was extraordinarily helpful to those of us who were in Rome for the first time, trying to separate *aggiornamento* from *Romanità*, and needing all the help we could get to distinguish the temporary if blatant road-

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blocks from the permanent if subtle breakthroughs. For the first time in our lives many of us were able to engage in constant interchange with Catholic theologians of Charles Davis' caliber. (I remember in particular one long discussion at Assisi when I was finally emboldened to ask, "You say the Holy Spirit presides over the councils of the church. Well, then, where was He at Vatican I? If it weren't for Vatican I, there would be no insuperable roadblocks to unity." The response came after a moment of reflection, "If the Spirit hadn't been there, it would have been a lot worse." That is the kind of candor I hope will more and more emerge in a church that now, sadly, lacks the acumen of a Charles Davis in its midst.)

I venture the guess that a poll of Protestant observers at Vatican II of the theologians who most impressed us would place Charles Davis' name high on every list, if not at the top. I do not say this to damn him in the eyes of Catholics; he was no crypto-Protestant, taking violent issue with the actions of his church. Indeed, he was a staunch defender of his church and one whom we learned to respect for precisely that reason. He reached as far toward us as he could, but never in such a way that we felt that the Catholic faith was being violated for the sake of chumminess. So what makes his decision such a painful one for me is not that in him I saw a potential Protestant, but that in him I saw all that I hoped the Roman Catholic Church would one day become. When things were going badly at Rome, I could reflect that this was nevertheless the church that could produce, sustain and nurture people like Charles Davis. And since I had long since come to feel that renewal in any portion of Christendom is a benefit to all Christians, I looked forward to the many contributions that Charles Davis would make to the post-conciliar church—Catholic and Protestant.

I believe that he will still make those contributions. Indeed, what I hope most is that Catholics and Protestants will continue to listen to Charles Davis and profit by his wisdom and insights. His stature is such that we cannot dismiss him from our theological or ecclesiastical lives. He finds himself, for the time being at least, outside the Christian church and unable to participate in its corporate life. But he need not find himself outside the Christian family, and perhaps he will be one of a fraternity concerning whom we must use in a new way the old phrase "separated brethren." The time will come, I hope, when he will find for himself a new location within the Christian family that will also include membership within a given church. If this is important for him, it is at least as important for us, for even if he can get along without the church for awhile, I am not sure that the church can get along without him. What the church needs today is precisely men of the honesty of Charles Davis, men who have given their lives to her and yet find that in conscience they must always struggle with their relationship to her. To be a Christian, Karl Rahner has said, is to live in a state of permanent dissatisfaction.Nothing would be more deadly to the ongoing renewal of the church than contented Christians or contented churchmen. And the optimum situation, I would argue, would surely be that in which the dissatisfaction could find expression within the structure that so desperately needs reform.

The Options

And yet, one must not make that statement too glibly. For one who is concerned about the reform of body of Christ always has at least two options to face. He can decide to reform from within, and for years Charles Davis trod that road, probably reforming much more than he ever dreamed he had done. Or he may come to a time—as Charles Davis clearly did—when for the sake of reform he may feel called by God to separate from the body, feeling that nothing short of radical surgery can heal the disease that has infected the body. The one who makes this choice abdicates, at least superficially, from participation in the ongoing reform. But it may also be the case that the one who leaves dramatizes in a way he might not be able to do by remaining, the necessity for more drastic measures of reform within the body. That is how I choose to interpret Charles Davis' departure—as something that seems initially tragic for the church but that may by the grace of God become creative for the church. By this I mean that his departure does dramatize, in a very direct and poignant way, how much is still wrong with the church—not just the Roman Catholic Church but the Christian community everywhere—and it can serve as a creative catalyst upon those of us who still remain within, to press more directly and relentlessly for reform.

Within Roman Catholicism, for example, two events have occurred since Charles Davis' departure that underline the crisis of conscience that compelled his withdrawal. These are the incomprehensible and backward-looking prohibitions on liturgical innovation, and the re-

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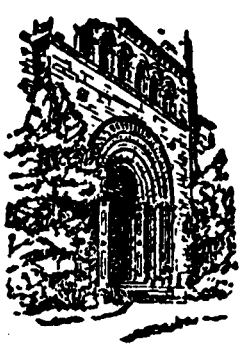

Prospective students should make early application

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Student Activists

Americans have always been inclined to view anything that happens in a student's university life as transitional and temporary. The university is a place for letting go, for wild ideas which he then forgets as he enters adult, career-centered, middle-class existence. But our current affluence and social orientation is changing this picture. The increased availability of government money for scholarships and jobs connected with social welfare subsidizes the existence of a substantial group of intelligent and sensitive people outside the get-ahead rat-race.

Studies at many universities have already revealed that many of the brightest students turn in this direction away from the more traditional business and corporation direction. It remains to be seen whether the new activists will widen their influence among this new group of subsidized outsiders, but it is certainly possible. The very existence of the Peace Corps and Vista as accepted American institutions says something about their staying power.

To measure the new activists' importance in terms of numbers, however, is to miss what the movement has most to tell the adult world. To quantify their significance, all the while wondering whether they will remain a fringe kind of sect or a wider movement, is not to listen to what they are saying. And that is important. The new activists are almost totally a post World-War II generation. They are the first human results of a life of affluence and suburbia. They are the children of organization men, or at least their neighbors. Their lives are the products of the most organized, technologized and bureaucratized society the world has ever known. Quite possibly they are sensitive to the blight of that system in a way that adults who remember only pre-planning days cannot be. . . .

—Joseph L. Walsh, C.S.P.
COMMONWEAL, November 19, 1965

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iteration of a medieval and decidedly sub-Christian defense of indulgences that flies in the face of the manifest wishes of a dozen bishops' conferences. It may be that for some the only way to protest such reversal of conciliar concerns will be to leave. And those who remain must be reminded by Charles Davis' exit that much still has to change, that more drastic reforms need to be introduced, if some men of honesty and sensitivity of conscience are to be able to give to the church the allegiance she demands of them.

To the degree that that happens, what seems like a tragedy for the church the loss of one of its most brilliant and creative spokesmen—can indeed become a new spur and catalyst for reformation.

To what degree the decision is tragic for Charles Davis himself, no one else can judge. Such is my respect for his integrity, that I honor his decision without qualification, much as I regret the gaping hole his departure leaves. I hope he will in the future give us a fuller account of his pilgrimage, but as I ponder the reasons for his decision, I find some help in a paragraph contained in the preface to Rosemary Haughton's recently-published *On Trying to be Human* (Templegate, Springfield, 1966). That preface describes many for whom the church has become unreal:

"There has in fact been a failure to relate the riches of recent Christian thinking to ordinary human experience. The lofty, remote and self-contained isolation of professional Christian writing troubles even those already familiar with the jargon. If Christian renewal is not to remain a theological and institutional tidying up, it must begin to ask questions about the fundamental experience of men as they struggle in their living towards human fulfillment. Men today are conscious of themselves as free subjects responsible for their own development. Many have thrown off allegiance to the Christian Church to liberate themselves from a seeming ecclesiastical refusal to allow men to grow and be themselves. They need to be shown again that the Christian faith is concerned with the conditions for the achievement of a human wholeness in freedom." (pp.10-11)

Such comments describe for me the mood and frame of mind which must have dominated Charles Davis' decision. I say this with some confidence, since I have cheated on the evidence just presented. The words do indeed occur in the preface to Rosemary Haughton's book. But the preface is not written by Rosemary Haughton. The preface is written by Charles Davis.

I hope very fervently that he will continue to write, and that he will continue to write theology. I have read Charles Davis to my profit for a number of years, not simply as a resource for understanding Roman Catholicism better, but as a resource for understanding my own Christian faith better. I intend to keep doing so. I know many Roman Catholics who have read him for the same reasons. I hope they intend to keep doing so also.

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LATE BLOOM

THE SCREEN

Even those who don't agree that James Joyce is the greatest literary figure of the twentieth century will admit he is certainly one of the giants. Joyce's *Ulysses* (published in 1922, but banned in the United States until 1933) is without doubt the outstanding novel of our times and its influence on other writers has been enormous. The book is not easy reading, but Joyce's insights (whether we agree with them or not) into men and institutions, and his exquisite prose with many parodies and stream-of-consciousness passages are well worth the effort. Perhaps more readers perused the many articles and books written about *Ulysses* than actually read the original novel, but in any case the controversial novel became famous. And it was inevitable that it would eventually be made into a movie. Since 1960, I read with some trepidation and disbelief as producers (Jerry Wald, Darryl Zanuck, Jack Cardiff) planned productions of this unfilmable book. And then last year, the picture was actually started in Dublin by two American producers, Walter Reade, Jr., and Joseph Strick.

The most amazing thing about the movie "Ulysses" is that it is as good as it is. Its black-and-white photography is stunning; and as soon as the film opens, as does the book, with Stephen Dedalus talking to Buck Mulligan on the roof of the Martello Tower where Buck is shaving, I knew the movie was at least started on the right track. And when the scene shifts to Leopold Bloom in his kitchen fixing breakfast for himself and Molly and then taking hers to the wife who is still in bed, I realized that this screen version was continuing in the Joyce vein. Joseph Strick, who directed his fine cast so well, also wrote the screenplay with Fred Haines. On the whole they were faithful to Joyce and used his words as much as possible. But even before "Ulysses" gets half-way through its 140-minute running time, I also realized that while its makers had caught the spirit of Joyce and had got in as many of the erotic passages as possible without stinting on the never-used-in-film four-letter words, they were neglecting some of the arguments from the middle of the book. The novel tells of the wanderings during one day (June 16, 1904) of the Irish Jew, Leopold Bloom, just as Homer's *Odyssey* relates Ulysses' experiences during the years it takes him to get from Troy after the war back to his home and wife and son. So Bloom is Ulysses, and his Molly is Penelope (although quite unlike Ulysses' industrious, loving wife) and Stephen Dedalus, the young school teacher, becomes Telemachus. These parallels are not brought out very well in the movie, nor was it possible to use the tone of Joyce's style in the various parodies in a cinema medium that depends on visuals as much as sounds.

While the camera wanders with Bloom and occasionally with Stephen throughout the day in Dublin, and we see them in pubs, the cemetery, the hospital, etc., we don't get the lengthy discussions that gave the book so much of its depth. The film illustrates the book well, but cannot catch all its cross references and inner meanings. Even as it stands, as sort of a *Reader's Digest* version of the great novel, I wonder if viewers unfamiliar with the novel will get what's going on.

The picture is expertly acted throughout, and the three lead roles are done to perfection: Milo O'Shea as the gentle Bloom, the cuckolded husband who's made fun of by the anti-Semites and by mean Dubliners who wisecrack about his unfaithful wife; Barbara Jefford as the indolent, coarse Molly, highly sexed and rather contemptuous of her husband; Maurice Roeves as the sensitive Stephen rejected by his family and rejecting his country and Church. Bloom looking for a son can very well accept Stephen, and does in fact try to help and protect the young man during the long Nightown scenes. But the main tenor of these scenes has to do with Bloom's fantasies—sexual and otherwise—as he and Stephen wander in and out of Dublin's redlight district.

As with the book, it is Molly's stream-of-conscious reveries that are most startling for their language and preoccupation with sex. Barbara Jefford recites these musings well without punching the unusual words or concepts and the visuals shown during the long recitation succeed in illustrating without becoming obscene. Obviously "Ulysses" is not for tender, sensitive ears and eyes, but it is certainly not pornographic. And if it is more an illustration than a movie, it is a remarkably handsome illustration. Advancing the 1904 Dublin to the present was necessary since the film uses the city as it is now. But Dublin probably looked the same in 1904. In any case, the city and its people are as important to the whole story as its leading characters. And they all really come alive. Perhaps that's the best that could have been done in filming this novel of novels.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

CATHERINE MURRAY

SO SOON, ANOTHER SEASON

Wasps
are in over-abundance this year,
and dandelions rise on hollow stems
above the grass.
An old tomcat prowls
from habit and familiar longing;
the porches of old houses wait
for the son-in-law to come
and put up the screens.

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BOOKS

Lessons in anti-social behavior

Hell's Angels
HUNTER S. THOMPSON
Random House, $4.95

The Gypsies
JAN YOORS
Simon & Schuster, $5.95

WILLIAM JAMES SMITH

Society's attitudes toward its outlaw groups have always been either extremely romantic or harshly punitive. We cry for the destruction of the street gangs or we cuddle up and try to "make buddies" of them. The homicidal maniacs of the Western Frontier become folk heroes pirouetting through ballets. It is hard for the ordinary mind—and impossible for the sociological mind—to admit that there really are anti-social types, who thrive not as a result of any simplistic economic or psychological warping but because they really are *like that*. They do not disappear in the face of threats, and romantic concern presents itself to them merely as an opportunity to work their con games.

These two books, *Hell's Angels* by Hunter S. Thompson and *The Gypsies* by Jan Yoors, are valiant attempts at something like an objective view of two outlaw groups. The Hell's Angels, of course, are the California motorcycle gang of hair-raising repute as exemplified in the Marlon Brando movie *The Wild Ones* a few years back. Only they don't come back after they've terrorized a town all sheepish and repentant to make googoo eyes at the pretty waitress. They are far more apt—well, this is a family magazine. Suffice it to say that the initiation ceremony for a Hell's Angel is a shower of human excrement—and their behavior thereafter is not supposed to be anti-climactic.

As to the gypsies, their case is surely one of the wonders of human determination to maintain an outlaw stance. If we know their history accurately, this strange band of people emerged from northern India about a thousand years ago to roam endlessly to the farthest corners of the earth. They traveled once in horse-drawn caravans and now they travel chiefly—this is a fact!—in oversize Cadillacs, bundled in in their colorful clothes and their household paraphernalia.

The womenfolk and the children settle down for a month or two behind a "Palmistry" sign and some bright curtains in an empty store in Manhattan or Denver or San Francisco—and stay until the landlord gets to sounding really dangerous and then disappear in their Caddy in the night. The men have meanwhile been turning a dishonest buck where they can. Some of the gypsies doubtless drop out—drop *into* society proper and some—like the Irish tinkers—become locally acclimated and follow a profession of sorts. But the gypsies endure.

Jan Yoors is an outsider who lived for years with the gypsies as a child and a young man in Europe of the 1930's. His account is sympathetic but no whitewash. Theirs are dirty, flea-bitten, larcenous lives, but with loyalties of their own and a code of behavior with at least an internal consistency. They live for an adventurous sense of "going somewhere" in a journey that never ends—the same relief from frustration doubtless that moves the Hell's Angels as they carom noisily along the freeways of California. Over the hills and far away! Mr. Yoors' account of his gypsy years is moody and impressionistic but he is, unfortunately, not quite literarily talented enough to bring this off and it is the factual details of gypsy life that make his book as interesting as it is.

The gypsies are a people peculiarly disinclined to hold still for sociological analysis and case studies. Their automatic reaction is to lie, and then to lie again in exact contradiction in a sort of obsessive game that they play with outsiders. During World War II Hitler managed to exterminate a good many thousand gypsies but they somehow managed to survive as a group and to thrive in their way, continuously celebrating their own version of the Great Society, fighting their own sort of War on Poverty. They sail along in their big cars through a world that most of us never see and we owe Mr. Yoors thanks at least for a glimpse into it.

As to Mr. Thompson, he is a young man of considerable journalistic talent and no little personal courage since he spent a good deal of his time for a year or more in the company of the Hell's Angels and ended up being stomped by them because they felt they should share a little of the loot Mr. Thompson expected to make on his book. He sums up his attitude toward the boys in the words of Mistah Kurtz from the heart of darkness: "The horror! The horror! . . . Exterminate the brutes!"

Actually, his view is not as extreme as all that, and indeed he defends the Angels from the generally hysterical reportorial coverage they have received. Whether they deserve quite the extended and detailed treatment Mr. Thompson gives them is still another matter, but with motorcycle sales zooming throughout the country it might be just as well to be thoroughly prepared for the worst. The Angels recently in a fey attempt at good public relations took to stopping on the highways to assist stranded motorists, but their gestures of goodwill were greeted with such obvious symptoms of terror and imminent cardiac failure that they abandoned the gimmick and reverted to their own unlovable selves.

They really *are* anti-social, as Allen Ginzburg and a covey of Berkeley campus rebels discovered recently when they thought to make common cause with their fellow-rebels, the Angels. Instead, the Angels waded into an anti-Vietnam demonstration with flailing

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chains and colorful language. Thereafter the Angels telegraphed President Johnson offering their services en masse in Vietnam. President Johnson did not reply, but who knows, it might be just the solution all around. It is easy enough to get sentimental about the gypsies, but the Angels are another matter. If Mr. Thompson is to be believed, there are few Marlon Brandos among them. And it will take a little doing to transform those big mean Harley-Davidson choppers into romantic gypsy caravans. Meantime, look out!

Heloise

ELIZABETH HAMILTON

Doubleday, $4.95

JOHN RATTE

Abelard and Heloise are proof against scholarship and taste. They are immortal in an utterly secular fashion. They are perpetually modern. No new departure in sexual style, no post-Freudian revelation of psychosomatic unity in life cycles, no exaltation or debunking of the medieval myth can touch them. The later middle ages rued them, or ignored them; the Enlightenment embraced them, crowned them: in farthingale and periwig the mannered lovers sport in a Boucher garden, fondle each other in a classical niche in a *philosophe*'s library (for that's what Abelard was, after all: Voltaire's precursor if not his source), and repent at painful leisure in ruined gothic cloisters.

And of course the nineteenth century could not let them alone either: only, under the steady 450° oven of romanticism, the intellectual spark and the terrible implications of sexual equality were baked away and there was nothing left but a few brief transports, and then heartbreak, loneliness, and silence. These organ tones were squelched with Helen Waddell, whose little novel, the best small treatment in English until this book, replaced romantic polyphony with the piercing reeds of the pipes of 12th-century Paris.

Why do they continue to fascinate us? After all there were great loves before, and Sappho and Catullus had good

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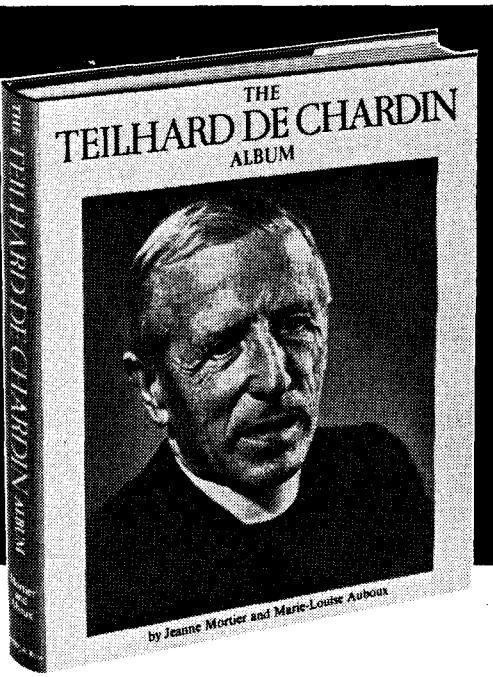
— *Library Journal*

Edited by Jeanne Mortier and Marie-Louise Auboux



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voices. And we have not lacked for syndromes of sex, revelation, and remorse since. What makes them special and permanent is the first revelation of personality and faith in conflict that their frustrated love produced. Miss Hamilton does more than set in order the fragments of information we have about the affair, and then paraphrase and translate the letters in which the reluctant abbess and abbot made known to the world their sufferings and the scandalous and lovely permanence of their dependency. She blends narrative and good Latin scholarship with imaginative reflection on an acutely observed human and natural landscape. The book is thus a travelogue and a meditation, as we move with her from the narrow street where Fulbert (the unknown wretch: or did he love her himself, and merit pity?) lived with his brilliant and breathtaking niece to the blasted, rain-washed desolations of Normandy where the monks of St. Gildas busily attempted to stab, trample, and poison the castrated exile of the schools.

What comes out of her researches and ruminations is a wonderfully compassionate double-portrait. Precisely because they are the paradigm for the cosmic battle of the sexes most wits that have settled on them have been half, one way or the other. If it isn't pure and innocent Peter dragged from study to the sheets, ruined in body and mind by a literate Lolita (in this view the boasts of the *Historia calamitatum* are post-traumatic self-reconstructions), it is randy Abelard hanging around the house, not above a bit of flagellation now and then, an egomaniac villain who cloisters his victim to make sure no other man will have what he has lost.

Neither of these extremes here. Of course Heloise is the heroine: she had fewer problems, and a great heart as well as a good mind. But any man who got letters like these deserved them. And this Peter Abelard makes sense: insecure, self-doubting, ambitious, a man for whom wit and wisdom and love were the building blocks of an identity which was never achieved. Reasons of birth, and the larger social and intellectual forces of the age, made Abelard a man who had to make himself. Irony lies in three facts: he found the perfect woman to help him; he was unmanned by others; and if that event had not occurred, we would not know that in the twelfth century the new learning was demanding a new human personality.

And one other thing: they tried to love God, they lived in a world more self-appointedly God's than any known to Western man, they talked Testament, New and Old, cited Jerome and the Fathers, called on Christ and the virgin, addressed each other in all the ecclesiastical complexities: but she at least wondered between the lines why loving each other wasn't enough.

In Orbit

WRIGHT MORRIS

New American Library, $3.95

LEONARD KRIEGEL

The reviewer of a Wright Morris novel frequently finds himself wondering aloud how the literary audience can so persistently ignore, at least from the standpoint of sales, this richly endowed novelist. *In Orbit* is Mr. Morris' fourteenth novel. Like most of its predecessors, it reflects Mr. Morris' genuine talent as well as his distinctive approach to the task of the novelist. Once again, we find that precise sense of craft, that skeptical probing of modern American life, the isolation of individuals in the midst of a society which claims the "personableness" of the American small town, and the brutal severance of past and present. The scene has been shifted from the Nebraska of Mr. Morris' birth to a town called Pickett, Indiana. But Indiana is as workable a landscape for the peculiarities of contemporary America as Nebraska was—at least for Wright Morris it is.

In Orbit tells the story of the effects of the passing through of Jubal Gainer on a number of Pickett's citizens. The opening sentence—"This boy comes riding with his arms high and wide, his head dipped low, his ass light in the saddle, as if about to be shot into orbit from a forked sling"—establishes the novel's brisk tone and we are once again launched on another of Mr. Morris' serious comedies. Jubal Gainer's challenge to the citizens of Pickett is the challenge of those who are always passing through; he is a high school dropout; he is fleeing from the draft on a stolen motorcycle; he knocks a German-Jewish college professor over the head with a bag of Bing cherries; he assaults the town half-wit (in one of the more humorous, even if apparently unconsummated, rape scenes in our literature); and he eventually knifes the owner of the local hardware store, whose deep curiosity about the intimate details of the rape are in keeping with what one expects from Wright Morris' America.

But it is not merely Jubal who is orbitting. What Mr. Morris has taken as his theme is that Jubal and the tornado that follows on his heels—one an example of the nature of man and the other of the nature of nature—are forces wholly lacking in self-control. Jubal is as morally oblivious as the tornado. In this, he is representative, and not merely of American youth. What he touches in the lives of the citizens of Pickett is their vulnerability to circumstance; he instinctively knows their hunger for any openings, their desire for contact with the human, regardless of how savage the human may be. Jubal Gainer's sole talent is the retention of his spontaneity, at however difficult a price. But it is, we recognize, a spontaneity which could easily murder that which stands in its way.

"They ain't a mean bunch at heart," says Pauline Bergdahl, the owner of a roadhouse, about the Jubal Gainers in this world. Having rejected any responsibility for this world, they have been captured by Mr. Morris as they go about the business of creating temporary islands, where they can stop off on the journey with no destination. The citizens of Pickett will not welcome them and those whose horizons extend beyond Pickett's twisters must also view them with distrust, even when that distrust is mingled with affection. But what can we say about Jubal Gainer that Mr. Morris is not telling us about ourselves? "Between where he is from and where he is going he wheels in an unpredictable orbit." One

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does not need a motorcycle to be included in the ranks of those in orbit.

The Church in the Thought of Bishop John Robinson

RICHARD P. McBRIEN

Westminster, $3.95

DONALD P. GRAY

Honest to God has achieved a somewhat ambiguous success for its author. On the one hand, it has catapulted Bishop Robinson to the center of the theological stage as the focus of a heated controversy which he has popularized rather than inaugurated; on the other hand it has inevitably obscured the fact that he shot this particular arrow into the air out of the context of a broader theological and ecclesiastical position. Few have troubled themselves to find out what his presuppositions are by reading his earlier books. He is for most a man without a history. At best his past has been sketched in with the vague information that he was formerly a biblical exegete and a rather conservative (?) one at that. It is thus unclear whether the Bishop has gone through a personal revolution discontinuous with his past or simply a gradual evolution.

Richard McBrien's study is the first attempt to glue humpty-dumpty back together again. And although this is the book's chief merit, it can further claim attention as a work of ecumenical significance inasmuch as the author is a Roman Catholic priest. As a result, he has produced a study in comparative ecclesiology as well as a careful exposition of Bishop Robinson's theological history. At first sight, it may appear odd that ecclesiology is singled out to bear the burden of unifying Robinson's theological career. A reading of *Honest to God* would scarcely lead one to suspect its centrality. But McBrien's analysis makes it apparent that he has in fact put his finger on the vital nerve center.

After succinctly situating the Bishop's thought within the maelstrom of contemporary theologizing, McBrien explores his theology in terms of the *nature* and the *mission* of the Church. He finds that one overriding principle has governed all of Robinson's discussions of the nature of the Church: "Have as high a doctrine of the Ministry as you like, as long as your doctrine of the Church is higher; and have as high a doctrine of the Church as you like, as long as your doctrine of the Kingdom is higher." It is a question, then, of keeping one's priorities straight and this can only be accomplished if the eschatological Kingdom is given the ultimate priority and is made to serve as the matrix of all subsequent ecclesiological reflection. Robinson is a high-church Anglican without at the same time belonging to the Anglo-Catholic party of which he is consistently critical.

McBrien's general agreement with Robinson's basic positions, however, is qualified by a predictable dissent: "The major difficulty with this doctrine of the Church is that the Church in her very nature and essential structure is collegial in character and her unity is made permanent and visible in the Petrine office. And while the priesthood of Christ has been committed truly to the Church as a Body, nevertheless there is a difference of *essence* as well as degree between the priesthood of the people of God in general, on the one hand, and that of the apostolic college and their ordained associates, on the other."

Bonhoeffer's influence on Robinson comes most clearly into view in his treatment of the mission of the Church. The Church is both a secular and a missionary community whose mandate consists in being in the world in order to bear witness to the gospel relevantly. The Church is the Servant of the Kingdom whose abiding model is the Suffering Servant, the man for others. "In a sense, Robinson is a 'high-church' version of Bonhoeffer" and this is precisely his greatest asset, in McBrien's mind, for it is his ecclesiological roots which keep him from the disastrous sort of reinterpretation of Christianity which can be seen in an extreme Bonhoefferian like Paul Van Buren. It is just as dangerous (and perhaps more so) to read *Letters and Papers From Prison* in isolation as it is to read *Honest to God* out of context.

Bishop Robinson himself sums up the

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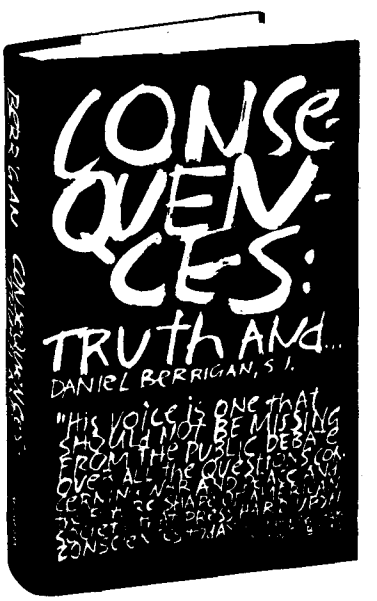

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evolution of his ecclesiological reflection in the Foreword to this book in terms worth quoting in full: "Fr. McBrien observes what he calls 'a certain attrition' in my 'doctrine of the Church over the past ten years or so.' I can understand what he means. For I think I have less interest in the Church in and for itself. There has been a movement in my thought from essentialist to functional categories, from pure to applied theology. This is partly, I suspect, a movement characteristic of our whole age, partly a shift in the *place* in which my theology had been done."

Father McBrien has done an intelligent and competent job of synthesizing the details of this transition and the reasons for it. In so doing he has pinpointed the direction in which most ecclesiological thought will likely be moving in the future. However, at the same time his book serves as a warning against any attempt to sever the missionary activity of the Church in an age of secularity from the roots of that activity in a biblical and dogmatic understanding of the nature of the Church.

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The Man in the Glass Booth

ROBERT SHAW

Harcourt, Brace, $4.50

DAVID I. SEGAL

Conventionally, reviewers of detective stories consider it immoral to give away the ending. It is assumed that people read mysteries for their solutions, but I don't think this is so. I think it is in the nature of the genre that the puzzle is more satisfactory than the solution. The door is locked . . . the key on the inside . . . the windows are barred . . . but the body has a bullet hole in it. How marvelous! Clearly the natural order of things has been disturbed; the solution will introduce a new order of logic. The actual answer is anticlimactic: a trap door. We always return, with a thud, to the mundane.

How then is a reviewer to handle a moral and psychological suspense story in which the resolutions of the questions raised are more interesting than the questions? Here, certainly, to reveal the end is to do the book damage; yet if the ending is withheld it becomes impossible to discuss the book except in generalities.

We are presented with Arthur Goldman, an infinitely rich, infinitely old German-Jewish refugee. Upon hearing of the Pope's absolution of the Jews, he falls victim to an inexplicable paranoia. He believes himself to be followed by Adolf Karl Dorff (who may or may not be dead); he is convinced his phone is tapped; that *they* are closing in on him. He has great sums of money moved to his house. His movements and conversation become increasingly irrational. At the same time other parts of his behavior are gradually raising an important question. Is he an ex-Nazi in disguise who is gradually becoming open about his ideology, or is he a Jew who is trying to find his way into feeling what it was like to have been a Nazi?

He strikes his loyal assistant across the face, "Because I couldn't resist it." He puts on jack boots; he insists on being called Colonel. We follow him into a locked room in his house; it is a wax museum of leading Nazis, Jesus Christ and Pius XII. Although he is now incapable of speaking consecutively coherent sentences, we feel in what he says, an essential duality. One minute the Nazi, next the Jew, he seems to be trying on both roles as if both were new, and yet familiar.

There is a knock on the door, two men with guns crash in, and . . . and the mystery begins to unravel. Here, one hundred and five pages into a novel of one hundred and eighty pages, the reader begins to find out what the book is about. This wouldn't matter if what had gone before were brilliant or if it had promised that the entire novel would justify the inexplicable beginning. Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*, another novel which begins with the behavior and thoughts of an insane character, fulfills these two stipulations. Robert Shaw's writing is far from brilliant, nor is he

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REVIEWERS

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capable of convincing the reader that the long opening section is entirely necessary for what follows. If the first hundred pages were condensed to twenty neither the logic nor the argument of the novel would be affected. The last part is, certainly, still concerned with a Pirandello-like search for identity, but this becomes secondary to more profound questions about guilt and expiation which are foreshadowed in the first part, but not organically connected.

The last part of the book, is however, fascinating. The reader's expectations are first satisfied, then turned on their head, and this pyrotechnical exercise makes serious statements. The final revelation is completely justified, and embodied in one of the best realized scenes in the novel. But the book is not interesting as a novel. The writing is frantic, over-clever and strains for effects. The juxtaposition of strong moral intensity with bad irrelevant jokes destroys the concentrated effect the book might have had. Characterizations are either rudimentary, or, in the case of Goldman, unnecessarily confusing. The sad, and damning, fact is that the book need not be read to achieve its effects; it need merely be paraphrased.

Division Street: America

STUDS TERKEL

Pantheon, $5.95

MICHAEL E. SCHILTZ

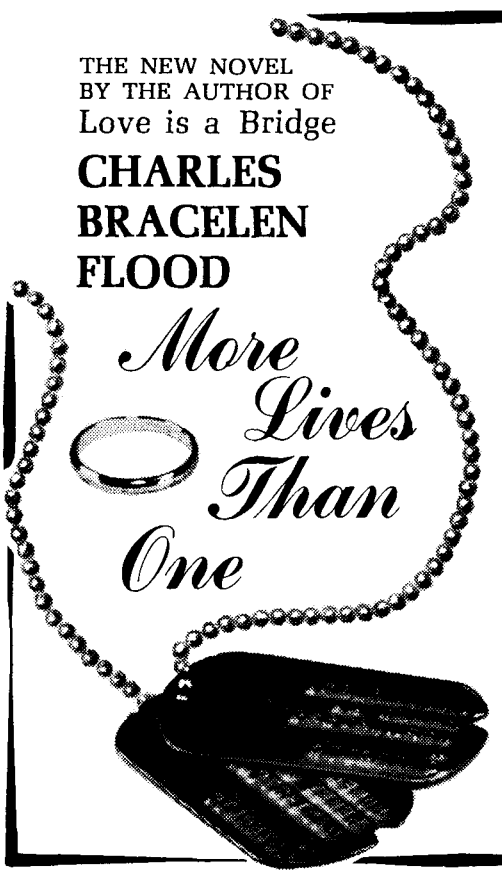
This is an encounter—an engaging, poignant, uncomfortable, and optimistic encounter with urban man: not in the living room, but in the kitchen, over beers, coffee on the stove, and dishes in the sink. Studs Terkel has taken his beat-up tape recorder and his disarming gift for empathy to these places, and come up with a brilliantly edited montage of some seventy individual Americans.

Division Street:America is a genuine mid-century American documentary. Its evidence is communicated as much by the supra-rational encounter of personality as by the logic of language. It is a documentary with the advantages of epic poetry. There are no cardboard characters here. In fact, it removes urban America (and suburban America) from the sterile—though necessary and useful—grammar of sociology and political science, and reaffirms the implicit conviction of the political humanist that even in technocratic society, individual human contact is possible. After this book, such categories as "the voters," "the public," and "the masses" do not have quite the same meaning.

Division Street:America is not a documentary of consensus. Terkel's seventy Americans are not a statistical sample. It is the variety of human personality, not the aggregate weight of public opinion, which is the stuff of his art. There are few overriding themes, and one is not sure, as Terkel freely admits, whether the themes are his or theirs. Nevertheless, even the social researcher trained in the canons of probability analysis cannot but be impressed by the evidence of confused, almost hopeless discontent with the Vietnam involvement. Again, it may be the editor's selectivity, yet the question of race enters the conversations pervasively but with an authentically sympathetic tone—tempting the ironic suggestion that white America may have been ready for Race before Religion was. God and The Bomb are below the surface, not freely in the stream of consciousness, too awesome, too frightening, too unreal, to be the stuff of everyday behavior. But neither is dead.

Christ, as Terkel comments in his introduction, "fares in a rather astonishing manner." As Lew Gibson puts it, if Christ were to return today, "the average person would look at him and say, 'You lousy bum, why don't you shave?' I think he'd be crucified, condemned as being some sort of crackpot."

Yet the overriding value of *Division Street:America* lies not in what is said, nor in how it is said—although both can be suddenly, unexpectedly penetrating. The overriding value lies in the "why" of the things that are said; in the life-history and self-esteem (or lack of it); in the tragedy of what might



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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 75)

or a productive fund-raiser.

Many instances of these tendencies could be pointed out in our own generation, but charity to the living prevents one from wishing to give examples of men who are simply the end product of an unintelligent system. I suppose this is why Father Ellis did not develop the above points, since a trained historian does not wish to extend himself beyond the field of documented evidence.

(MSGR.) NELSON W. LOGAL

The C.I.A.

San Marcos, Calif.

To the Editors: "The CIA is hardly dangerous to American institutions, at least on its past record." Wilson Carey McWilliams makes this point in "The CIA and the Students" (March 3). He goes on to say that this is so because it is "so obviously naive." Just a bumbling bureaucratic clown-shop. This may be so, but its impact has touched the very heart of the democratic system, indeed endangering our very "human system."

In effect, what the CIA has done is pervert communication. Human relationships, as it turns out, are very delicate things. Every man has paranoidal tendencies. Most of us are able to control this fear of the "other," and achieve some degree of human contact. We play the game of "trust." The people in the various international student organizations have tried to play this. The Americans copped out.

The impact of this goes far beyond this one incident. Once the seed of distrust is planted, its roots grow deeply. I am an officer in the American Civil Liberties Union. Has it been infiltrated? Ridiculous I tell myself. What about *Commonweal* magazine itself? On the surface again ridiculous. But then surely a member of the NSA would have said the same thing. And who knows by what wild logic the CIA works? Do you say this is paranoia? Right. You say that this is the very thing that the kookie right wing is caught up in? Right! . . .

RICHARD B. PEACOCK

One-Pronged Arguments

New York, N. Y.

To the Editors: *Commonweal*'s presentation of Mr. Shannon's "LBJ—'Near Great'" (Jan. 6) and resulting "exchange of views" (Feb. 17) was a refreshing change in these days when emotional histrionics are the usual poor substitute for contemporary history.

Mr. Shannon grounded himself in hard fact, while Mr. Cox was permitted to support his one-pronged argument with such statements as: "to most of the world," "no close observer of Southeast Asia would agree" and "history will surely certify this."

Mr. Cox was allowed to "set aside Europe for the moment" without returning to that subject, and he was even permitted to base an argument on his statement that the Japanese were glaringly missing from President Johnson's South Pacific conference trip. You editors should have pointed out that except for Vietnam, the nations encompassed in that trip were all members of SEATO and Japan is not. Thus, the argument fails to be logical.

Above all else, Mr. Cox fails to acknowledge, and I regret that in Mr. Shannon's kindness in his reply he also failed to point out, that the most important single problem in the entire history of United States' foreign relations is the question of our own domestic civil rights policy.

The leadership contribution of President Johnson in this area, unprecedented in the history of the American Presidency, and reaffirmed with this week's civil rights message to the Congress, assures his place in history, and, in the opinion of this writer, among Presidents of the first rank.

MATTHEW L. LIFFLANDER

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Belief and Mr. Dewart

Plymouth, Mich.

To the Editor: Michael Novak's article on Leslie Dewart's *The Future of Belief* ("Belief and Mr. Dewart," Feb. 3) highlights one of the dangers of all criticism. And that is to demand of a work somethink quite different from what it was intended to do, and to judge it harshly on that basis. For throughout his book Dewart makes it clear that he is concerned not with Thomistic or Greek philosophy as such but with the problem of the modern Christian, with *dogmatic belief* rather than theological speculation.

The question then is not whether the Greek world view is as such adequate but whether that part of it incorporated into the essence of Catholic dogma is adequate. Likewise, Novak's emphasis on the recent reinterpretation of Thomas by men such as Lonergan and Maréchal is informative, but digressionary.

For we are, in point of fact, still mired in the Roman Church (despite Vatican II's valiant efforts) with a system of dogmas whose underlying principles stem from the 19th-Century reaction to Modernism and a debilitated version of the total Greek experience. Whether or not the Greeks and Thomas had more to say than the Councils used is not the issue. Whether or not the magisterium's dogmas *did* use only the part of Greek and Scholastic thought characterized by Dewart is. But this is an historical question that Novak does not seem interested in.

Granted that modern theology has moved away from all of this, Dewart is asking, is it not about time we begin the task of reworking our official self-utterance, our dogma, as well, so that our many insights might have some basis for intercommunication? Granted that our mode of thinking is not, cannot be dogmatic and closed, is it not time we—as the whole Church, i.e. as ecclesial and not merely individual—begin to de-dogmatize our dogma itself? This is an important question and a vital one. And it is the one question that Vatican II most seriously failed to answer in its fence-straddling statements. For the future of our belief depends not on the depth of the thinking of individuals but in the last analysis on the clarity and unity with which we as Church proclaim the good news.

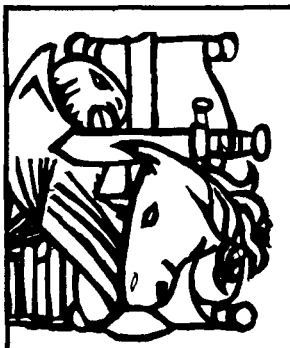
It is indeed true that Professor Dewart's positive contributions are brief and often superficial, as he himself admits. But they do not form his message. He attempts in those sections (his use of Gabriel Marcel is a prime example) not to create a completely substantiated summation of man and God, but merely to remind us of the fact that there *are* manifold approaches. (A side point might be made here that Novak's rather summary rejection of anything and everything to do with Gabriel Marcel reveals a characteristic dogmatism of thought on his part).

Dewart, then, in using terms like "consciousness" and "presence" is attempting to illustrate that we must be open to all aspects of reality within the very structuring of our dogma if Catholicism is to be at all meaningful today. Indeed, Novak's own reference to the ferment arising against Anglo-American philosophy is but a further illustration of the validity and significance of Dewart's challenge. For the Church to be free and in a position to dialogue with modern America wrestling with nihilism, she must like America herself cast off the shackles of the present. This is why Dewart is truly radical. He is content neither with the past nor with the present. He is calling us to begin building solid foundations for the future.

The Church must utter her Word as a present reality open to the future. It is the Church's mission to reveal the sacredness of the profane. To do this she must immerse herself totally and 'immanently' in the profane. She must incarnate herself, whether in Europe or America, as open and free.

If this is, as I believe it to be, the major import of Dewart's book, then that challenge is both secular and contemporary, despite its many flaws and weaknesses. And if Mr. Novak had seen *The Future of Belief* in this light instead of through the lenses of his own preoccupations, he would I believe have seen that what he is calling for, Dewart has done.

EUGENE FISHER



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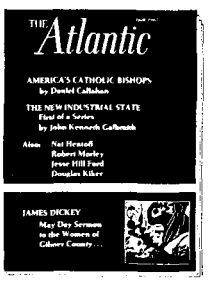

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Pusan, Korea

OPEN LETTER TO COLLEGE STUDENTS, SEMINARIANS, AND YOUNG PRIESTS:

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